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PAPÈTA.

A STORY.

ABRIDGED AND ARRANGED FROM THE DIARY
AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF
MR. EUGENE MURAT.

BY

JAMES MURRAY DE'CARTERET ODEVAINE,
H. M. 1ST BATTALION 22ND REGT.

"And therefore as a stranger give it welcome."

*"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."*

SHAKESPEARE.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

J. & A. McMILLAN, 78 PRINCE WM. STREET.

1867.

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TO THE READER.

THE title page of this work is sufficient evidence to point out to my readers the great difficulties under which I have laboured, in arranging the following story.

Most of the characters I have so poorly depicted are *still living*.

When we have to deal with plain *facts*, we must be circumspect. My original intention was to embody these events into the form of a romance. But I found that such an idea was impracticable. To succeed, I must invent. The introduction of false characters would necessitate a deviation from the strict line of truth. I, therefore, preferred giving it to the world in its auto-biographical form; trusting to a generous public for the result.

FREDERICTON, N. B., January, 1867.

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PAPETA.

PART THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHAPTER I.

BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON.
1st May, 18—.

My Darling Mother,—

I have sad news to tell you. Sir Charles Darley is dead! Sympathize with me mother, for the noblest, best of men is no more. I write to you greatly depressed in mind and spirit.

I will endeavour to describe to you, briefly, his last moments. On the 15th of last month, his physicians pronounced him beyond all human aid. On the night of the 16th, I was seated as usual by his bedside. How pale, and yet how calm and resigned he looked!

“Eugène,” he said suddenly, “listen to me attentively. I am about partly to confide to you the one and only secret of my life. I loved! alas, still love! Will ever love! my first and only love. I cannot choke down this feeling even now. Of my life previous to our meeting at Paris, you need know nothing. Know only this much:”

"Eleven years ago, I placed in the care of a certain Mrs. Moffitt of No.—, J—— Street, Limehouse, a child. I stole this child, Eugène! Jane Moffitt received from me the sum of five hundred pounds. She was to adopt this infant as her own in return. The child's name is Ida Vernon."

"Since this took place I have neither seen or heard from either. If you love me, Murat, I beg of you to seek out this little girl, and, if still living, be to her a brother when I am no more. Let her ever be to you and the world, Ida Vernon. I leave her twenty-five thousand pounds. Educate her, and in the course of time, introduce her into society. Will you do this much for me, Eugène?"

"I will Sir Charles, faithfully."

"Enough! I trust you. You are the only earthly friend left me in this dark and mysterious hour. Give me some water; my lips are parched."

"All my letters and private papers I have destroyed. I leave no vestige of my past history behind me. I leave you all my M. S. S.: never publish them, Murat. The world would call you a fool for your pains. Keep them, and read them, for my sake. Continue to live in this house: it is yours, and take care of "Cardwell"—I leave it to you as a remembrance of me. This is all I need tell you."

About midnight he awoke. Doctor Fuller had but just left him, promising to call at an early hour. He bid me raise his pillow, and after a momentary pause, he smiled faintly, saying: "It is not morning yet Eugène!" Then, with a stern energy he exclaimed, "The sternest sum—total of all worldly misfortunes Eugène, is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe. Yet many men in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive, converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecra-

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tion for all that their past lives had achieved. What has been done Murat, may be done again: nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons."*

"How true is this! memory endures the only pain. Where, Oh! where the evil, for:—

"Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige sonne."†

"Tell me, Eugène, do you think it is hard to die?"

I was silent.

"You do not answer me. Oh! youth, youth, did you but know, how full of bitter-sweets, is this poor cup ye call life. After all what is death, but an opinion; the sleep of imagination. How secondary the pain, how transient the change, from the multitudinous cares, and ills of life, to reality. The future alone is life! Wherefore fear death then? Cowards only fear to die! This passage from THANATOS TO ATHANATOS, what is it, but a long sleep of exhausted nature." "Why do buds ope except to die?"

He rose himself upon his elbow; and grasping my arm, convulsively said, "Eugène! I emanate from God alone. Being a part of him, I shall return to God."

He fell back exhausted. It was the last faint struggle of extenuation. He looked so pale that I thought him already dead; but a pressure of the hand reassured me. He slowly turned his face from me and slept. I removed the lamp, and knelt me down.

There kneeling, with all my sins upon me, I lifted my voice and turned my heart to God, in the still night of my misery. Offering my thoughts to heaven for mercy and forgiveness; praying for that life now fast hastening to its Maker. Oh! how ardent-

* Carlyle.

† "Still it continues the self same sun, even while it is sinking."

ly, fervently, did I pray. Exhausted by long watching, I fell asleep upon my knees. I awoke with a start; morning was dawning. I started to my feet, and turned my glance towards my friend. Great heavens! how beautiful! A faint smile hovered round the half parted lips, the right hand was clenched, the eyes fixed: it was the last look, the last smile, the last effort,—Sir Charles Darley was dead.

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Ever your son,

EUGENE MURAT.

He was buried near "Cardwell," in Devonshire.

I found myself embarked upon a voyage, which, ere its close, revealed to me some extraordinary phases of human good and human baseness.

My first thought was to call on Mrs. Moffitt. I reached No. —, J—— Street, Limehouse. Ida Vernon was not there. Mrs. Jane Moffitt had left the place eight years previously, and gone, I knew not where!

I will now endeavour to narrate the future events of my life, as truthfully, and simply, as I possibly can. I have no ambition to appear conspicuous; or, do I further hold myself accountable for sundry opinions and ideas interspersed in these pages. I am narrating facts.

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CHAPTER II.

By the advice of my solicitor, the following lines appeared in the "Times" newspaper, and in various other periodicals of the United Kingdom :

NOTICE.

£100 REWARD will be given to any person supplying such information as will lead to the discovery of **MRS. JANE MOFFITT**, late of No.—, J—— Street, Limehouse, London.

MRS. MOFFITT is earnestly requested to place herself in immediate communication with **Mr. Eugène Murat**, of No.—, Berkeley Square : or, with his solicitor, **L. Francis, Esquire**, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London.

A month passed ; still no news of **Ida Vernon**, or **Mrs. Moffitt**.

On the 23rd August, I most unexpectedly received the following note from my old school-fellow and friend, **O'Shaughnessy** :

HACKETT'S HOTEL, 'Tuesday.

My Dear Eugène,—

I arrived yesterday from Algiers. Pray come and dine with me this evening. I cannot call upon you, as important business will detain me in the city, until after six. I shall expect you. I was sorry to learn of **Sir Charles Darley's** demise.

Yours truly,

B. W. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

It is more than eighteen months ago since we parted ; I therefore look pleasurably forward to our meeting. I promised myself some relaxation, from the dull monotony of my every day existence : I dressed, and was driven to **Hackett's**, in Piccadilly.

Our *rencontre* was a warm one ; he congratulated me on my good fortune, and deplored my loss. Our

conversation naturally turned upon Ida Vernon's mysterious disappearance, and my dilemma.

"When I am settled in Chesterfield Street, I will help you. Be of good heart, Eugène; I have an idea."

"Well?"

"Be patient."

"Certainly; now tell me how did you get on in Algiers?"

"Famously!"

"When you last wrote,—"

"I had done absolutely nothing."

"Have you been dealing in morocco leather?"

"No!"

"Horse flesh?"

"No!"

"What then?"

"I have become like yourself, my dear Eugène, a landed proprietor."

"Permit me to congratulate you, my dear Bernard."

"Never be surprised at what I do. You know my father left me a poor ensign in the army, with nothing but a captain's half pay in perspective. Ten years ago, I cut but a very sorry figure at my banker's: now, I can afford a yacht; I am the owner of miles of land in Algeria, ride my thoroughbred, dine with a Secretary of State, and can contrive to spend six thousand a year as comfortably as need be."

"And you have accomplished all this, by what you are pleased to call, a nice adjustment of ideas."

"Exactly! for instance, I philosophize thus: There are too many tailors in London. Very well. I draw the map of the world towards me; I fondle and twist it about, until say my eye lights on the Province of Quang-see, in China. I go there. To my horror, I discover that the savages are not guilty of knickerbockers. What then? Why hang them! I must

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only make them fashionable. The novelty pleases, and behold all Quang-see in knickerbockers. And ! so I get on.

Here is logic for the rising speculator !

A hearty dinner, with twice told reminiscences of the past, and we parted with mutual assurances of our continued friendship.

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CHAPTER III.

Eugène, a

Three weeks later, my friend, Mr. Bernard Willis O'Shaughnessy, had worked out his idea.

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We were seated in the library in his new house.

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“Tell me, Eugène, when you first went to Limehouse, did it occur to you to enquire who lives there now ?”

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“No ; I asked for Jane Moffitt : she was gone.”

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“Ah ! I thought so. Now, it appears to me, as the landlady knows nothing satisfactory of Mrs. Moffitt's whereabouts, there may be some one else living in the house, who does know.”

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“Ha !”

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“So, with this hope, the day before yesterday, rigged out as a sailor fresh from the Levant, I set sail for No.—, J—— Street.”

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“You disguised as a sailor, Bernard ! What for ?”

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“Listen : I reached my destination without having formed any positive plans of operation. Looking round, I espied a stout female standing Flora-like, behind sundry baskets of cabbages and potatoes. I

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glanced over the door: *Mary Smith, Grocer*, caught my eye. I found myself, shortly after, grasping a pair of red, plump hands; and exclaiming in true nautical phraseology: 'Bless my peepers, if this isn't Mrs. Smith!'

I could not control a laugh.

"You may well laugh, Eugène," continued my friend, considering that I never saw the woman before in my life. This process, I admit, was rather abrupt; but I had an idea you know. I installed myself in rear of the cabbages and potatoes. "Why bless you Mary Smith, if you are not the image of young Jack." The woman stared. "You don't know me?" "No!" "I thought it advisable that she *should* know me. I produced a sovereign. Mrs. Smith dispatched a little girl for 'Old Tom and Cloves.' I smoked, and wondered what was to happen next. I caught my Flora, once or twice, glancing slyly in a diminutive looking glass. "Ah! Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith, how awfully mistaken you were!"

"And did you really do all this, O'Shaughnessy?"

"Of course. Now I reasoned thus: This woman may probably know something of Mrs. Moffitt. I questioned her as she mixed me a glass of 'Old Tom.'"

"Do you remember Mrs. Moffitt?" I asked her. "Do you mean Jane Moffitt?" "Yes! what has become of her?" "Oh, they have left the street these eight years." "Indeed! Do you know where they have gone to?" No. Mrs. Smith did not know, and what was more to her purpose, did not care. "Who lives there now, Mrs. S.?" was my next question. "Oh, snuffy old Brown, the watchmaker; Jones, the clerk; and Robinson, the pianist." "No one else?" "Yes." "Ah!" "There's an old lady, said loquacious Mr. S., and this old lady—some called her poor; others miserly; Mrs. Jones thought

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her a witch; another kind neighbour thought her mad." Mrs. Smith, —, was positive on one point only. It was this: Since the departure of the Moffitts, eight years ago, this old lady had never moved out of the house. Nightly, summer and winter, she goes to the front door, candle in hand, looks up and down the street, and then vanishes. This takes place every night at fifty minutes past eight, added my companion. Ho! Mrs. Smith sank to zero, and the mysterious old lady became to me the most interesting female in existence.

"How long has this strange old woman been living over the way, Mrs. Smith?"

"How curious you are. About fifteen years I think."

"I now suddenly remembered that most important business, with the lords of the admiralty, called me away. Rising, I patted Mrs. Smith's chin familiarly; promised faithfully to be back on the following day, and departed."

"Well?"

"Last night I completed my idea. Imagine me in a greyish beard and mustaches; an old threadbare pilot coat, a worn out hat, a red muffler, and ending in shabby extremities. In this guise, I stood at the corner of J — street. It was a quarter past eight; and the rain poured down in torrents. I stood in a gateway, until it wanted but half a minute to the time of action. With a bound I was at No. — knocker. The door opened slowly: By the dimpled chin of Mrs. Smith! there stood the veritable old lady, candle in hand!"

"And to what does all this tend?" I asked, rather puzzled.

"Now, my boy, the fact of an old lady living for fifteen years in a house, and then suddenly keeping close, after the departure of Jane Moffitt, made me

think it rather curious. So, I went to the house to pump the old lady."

"Go on!"

"The face before me was a pleasing one. Time had apparently exhausted all its efforts on it. Her eyes still shone with their first-born beauty. I stood with one foot on the threshold. She looked fixedly at me for a moment; then turned away as if to go. I entered the house, and closed the door, she paused and turned round. 'What do you want?' she asked. 'Do you not know me, Mary?' I replied. I never saw a face change so suddenly. She grew deadly pale, came a few paces towards me, and holding the light high above her head, looked at me long and fixedly."

"Mary! how did you know she was called Mary?"

"I guessed it, and, as often is the case, guessed rightly."

"Well."

"She shook her head slowly. No! No! I do not know you! Go away! Go away!"

"You do know me Mary," I continued: "You perhaps do not recognize me? I have reached home from foreign lands to seek you, is this the reception you give me?" She drew nearer, still looking at me as if striving to bring back to memory some long forgotten, but once familiar face. I now ventured to take her hand. "Let us go to your room," I said, "we cannot talk here, see I am wet and cold." "Who are you?" she asked. "I am John Moffitt." Had the house fallen about us as we stood there hand in hand in that old bare passage, it could not have produced a more strange metamorphosis! She started back, uttered a low wail of pain, dropped her candle, and I heard her stagger against the wall.

"And who is John Moffitt, in the name of goodness, Bernard?"

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"I have not the least notion," answered the imperturbable O'Shaughnessy. "I guessed again."

"I relit the candle with a lucifer I had about me, and turned towards her. She started forward, seized my disengaged hand, and hissed out: "This way, John Moffitt! this way!" "Bravo! old girl! this looks something like business!" Down a dark, narrow, flight of stairs, leading to a low passage, we turned to the left and entered a small room. A bright fire burned in the grate, relieving the chilly gloom. I placed the light on the table and sat down near the cheering blaze. I determined not to budge an inch until either by subterfuge, chance, or any other lucky means, I fathomed the cause of this lady's interest in John Moffitt.

She stood by me, with one hand placed affectionately upon my shoulder. There was a long pause. She drew back the hair from my forehead saying, "So you are the son of Charles Moffitt!" Fearful of any perplexing interrogatory, I resolved to come to the point at once. "Sit down Mary, and listen to me." She obeyed. "I have been a wanderer," I commenced in an assumed tone, "from home and friends for many long years; I returned to my native land, hoping to end my days in peace and happiness. I found my mother and father gone! I thought of you, Mary! I knew you lived in London. After a long search, I found you. You Mary! who have been the best friend of our family ——." "It is a lie, John Moffitt! a base, hypocritical, lie!" she wildly exclaimed. I was alarmed. I therefore wisely remained silent. "I loved you, from your childhood, John! I have often thought of you, in my misery! I often wondered what had become of you, after you ran away from Taunton; but, your father! I——." "What, Mary!" She rose slowly and approached me. Pointing to the fire, she added

fiercely: "As a piece of paper would consume itself amidst those flames, so has your father's memory turned my heart to ashes! Ask me not of your father, do not even breathe his name to me!" She went back to her seat slowly. "And of my mother?" "He dared to come here!" she answered, not heeding my question. "Dared to enter this house, with that painted woman hanging on his arm, and she smiled upon him, and called him husband! Even here, he came to torture me with his heartless perfidy!" "But, answer me, in heaven's name, where is Mrs. Moffitt?" With an effort she forced down her passion, and the old woman said, "I know not! Listen. Twelve years ago this very night, your father and mother came to live in this house. He came, as he left me, thief-like! Little did he dream that I was an inmate of the same house. But it matters not. Eight years ago he left, going away as he came, in the night time. I saw him go. I heard of his going and watched him leave. As he went away, I cursed him, John Moffitt! bitterly, savagely, cursed him! John, your father is dead!" "Dead!" I muttered with well feigned surprise. "And my mother?" "Of her I know nothing. She is not to blame. I know your father is dead, my heart tells me so; has told me so these three years past! I felt it snap in two one day as I sat thinking of him, where you now sit! It is thus I know, Charles Moffitt is in his grave! You do not know my history? It is a common, though a bitter one. I played with your father long before you were born. I was fond of him as a girl, I loved him as a woman, I gave him my heart, my soul, my very honor; and in return, he robbed me of all; deceived, and then abandoned me! When next I saw him, another was leaning on his arm; Was not this enough to drive me mad, and make me curse him? Some eleven years ago, I

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heard that a child had been placed in the hands of Mrs. Moffitt. Had the child been his, the demon of revenge would have, I do not doubt, driven me to strike through it, at the man who had betrayed me! He went away with his wife, and the little girl vanished in the darkness for ever!" "And you never heard of them since in any way?" "Charles Moffitt is dead I tell you!" "And so ends my strange adventure, Eugène."

"The battle was well fought Bernard."

"Yes, but we have learned nothing particular. You can now easily guess what brings that lone, old, soul, nightly to the door of No. --, candle in hand."

"Yes, Bernard, she hopes still in spite of her avowed hatred,—that the only joy of her once young heart, though beauty, honor, and happiness are gone for ever—will return to her in the night of her sorrow, as he came, and as he went—in the darkness."

"You are right."

"Let me thank you, O'Shaughnessy, for all you have done for me."

"We have ascertained then, positively, that Ida Vernon was with these people eight years ago."

"Yes."

Now, Eugène, may not this family have gone abroad?"

"You are right," I exclaimed, forcibly moved by my friend's remark.

"We must not lose a moment then in inserting notices in all the American, and continental journals. I will undertake this business for you, if you will permit me. I know a man who understands this sort of work thoroughly."

"Many thanks. As you say, the Moffitts may have emigrated after all."

There was a pause.

"Tell me, Eugène, have you any idea why Sir

Charles placed this girl in the keeping of Mrs. Moffitt?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, candidly, do you think she is his daughter?"

"It is hard for me to say; but most probably you surmise rightly."

"Are there no letters or papers to help us?"

"None! Sir Charles destroyed everything shortly before his death. He told me that Ida Vernon's antecedaneous history, must remain for ever a secret."

"Have you spoken to his late bankers on the subject?"

"No."

"I advise you to see them, and endeavour to glean some information from that quarter."

"I will do so."

"Can we not trace some particulars of her history from the mother's side?"

"Should I be justified in doing so, Bernard?"

"Why not. Sir Charles bound you over by no oath; or, did he ever for a moment think that this child had disappeared. In my opinion, you are perfectly at liberty to take any honorable steps in your power to find her, and so carry out his wishes."

"You are right."

"Very well, then, go to Messieurs B——, tomorrow, and, I will look up the other business for you."

"Agreed."

"We will allow these notices to remain public for six months. If after the lapse of that period we hear nothing, you may safely conclude that either all these people are dead; or, that for some reason Ida Vernon is kept from your knowledge."

"I will never despair of finding her."

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"Hope on, hope ever: is a very good and friendly line, Eugène."

"Yes, O'Shaughnessy, let us hope."

"Adieu."

And we parted.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten days after, O'Shaughnessy and I met to compare notes.

"I have sent off to the papers, Murat."

"Thank you."

"Ida Vernon is advertized for in three hundred and fifty-one newspapers. I have further taken the liberty to increase the sum you offer as a reward for her discovery."

"You did well. I never thought of it."

"I did so for the best."

"What will this business cost, Bernard?"

"The first cost of insertion, including all other expenses, will be two hundred and ten pounds."

"Moderate."

"Printing is not so cheap as some people imagine. So, that my dear Eugene, for the sum of two thousand pounds your notices will appear in the papers for a space of four months."

"Cheap for the money."

"I am glad you are satisfied. Now, what have you done?"

"I called yesterday at Messieurs B——'s offices."

"Well?"

"I saw the second partner of the firm, and briefly told him my business. He knew absolutely nothing of Darley's private history. From a large folio, I have copied these particulars, pray read them."

O'Shaughnessy read aloud the following:—

SIR CHARLES DARLEY, BARONET,

Born 12th December 18—. Died 16th April, 18—. Only son of the late Sir Frederick Darley, Bt. Income £9,000 per annum. Estate, "Cardwell." Assessed value, £1500. Sat for the borough of D—, in 18—. Married, 13th April, 18—, Georgina Helen, only daughter of the late Henry Gratley, Esquire, of Taunton, Devonshire. No dowry. Town residence, No. —, Berkeley Square. An allowance of three hundred pounds per annum, made to Lady Darley, on 6th May, 18—, during her stay in France. This annuity was never drawn by her ladyship. Wife died abroad, about June, 18—.

O'Shaughnessy returned me my pocket book.

"There is nothing here to guide us."

"Unfortunately, no! Of the late Lady Darley's family, the peerage makes no mention."

"What can this allowance of three hundred a year mean?"

"And she never touched a penny of it."

"Strange!"

"Why?"

"I can see it all now! Sir Charles separated from his wife, allows her three hundred a year."

"Well?"

"Some terrible motive parted them. Ida Vernon is thought illegitimate by the husband. Jane Moffitt adopts her, and there ends the affair."

"Do you know, that I also have thought as you think, Bernard. But, on his death-bed he gave the lie to this hypothesis, he made the child his heiress, and told me he still loved his wife."

"Why call her Ida Vernon, then?"

"Nature bids us speak of the dead virtuously and wisely. Whatever motive prompted Sir Charles to these ends, we are not in a position to censure or condemn them, Bernard."

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"But, to arrive at some probable conclusion, we must conjecture. You are right, our duty lies with the missing Ida."

Let us do it manfully then, and leave the buried past to itself."

"At present we have done all we can possibly do."

"Let us dismiss the subject."

"Willingly."

"What news?"

"Why, to-morrow, I will introduce you to an extraordinary character."

"Indeed!"

"He is rich, clever and handsome."

"What a lucky fellow."

"I first met him at Munich; afterwards at Paris. He has just arrived from Italy."

"Is he an Italian?"

"Yes; in style thoroughly English. His accomplishments are numerous. He sings well, is a capital musician, and holds forth in what the world would call a pseudo-philosophy. So cunningly does he put forward his reasons that one can not but admire the fellows audacity. He nourishes a morbid and unjustifiable antipathy towards the fair sex. He swears he will never marry unless he school a woman into his way of thinking."

I laughed.

"You will like him though, but never understand him. He is an enigma."

"He interests me."

"A man with four millions of francs to throw away every year of his life, must of a necessity, be interesting."

"Is he of good family?"

"No. He glories of boasting of his plebeian origin."

"What may this extraordinary individual's name be?"

"The family name is Bartelli. He calls himself Count Carrer Cadras."

"What a name! Is he old?"

"I fancy, in spite of his good looks, that he has passed the rubicon. He looks five and thirty, but I have no doubt, is older."

O'Shaughnessy now rose to leave.

"I will be with you at seven to-morrow evening, be ready. We will dine with the Italian Count."

"But I am not invited."

"Tut! he bid me bring my best friend with me."

"I will be ready."

"He dines preposterously late."

"He wishes to astonish us."

"No. On the contrary, he has taken a small place in Charles Street, and intends remaining incognito. Don't forget, seven o'clock."

Off went this noble fine fellow. Six feet two, of true, and good Irish blood.

O'Shaughnessy was a man void of any superficiality. A sound, honest, upright, thinking friend, was Bernard Willis. He had made a fortune by his own indefatigable perseverance, aided by a happy knack of turning the most trivial incident to account. His system of doing business was a healthy one. His maxim an old one. Do everything yourself. Trust to no one. Keep your own counsels, and whatever is worth doing, do it well and promptly. So, reasoned O'Shaughnessy, and so died O'Shaughnessy, a rich man, esteemed and regretted!

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CHAPTER V.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance Monsieur Murat."

"I assure you Count, the pleasure is mutual."

"Your friend's name sounds familiar to me, O'Shaughnessy."

"I have no doubt," I replied, "my father was an Italian."

"Indeed! And yourself?"

"I have the honor of having been born in Dublin."

"Now, here is a happy coincidence. O'Shaughnessy's mother was born in Italy; your father, a native of the same country, and I, an Italian. Now, what could be more delightful. We must be great friends, Murat."

With pleasure."

"*Le diner est servi!*" exclaimed a domestic at the door.

Let me give you reader, a slight photographic sketch of this man, who is destined to play a prominent part in this story of my life:—

He was tall, and well proportioned. His complexion, though olive, was clear and beautiful. A well shaped mouth, shaded by a drooping moustache; eyes, large, dark and expressive; a rich, and flexible voice; fine, aristocratic hands and feet; and cover all this, with a pleasing and fascinating suavity of deportment; a captivating gentleness; a rare ability in conversation and style; a perfect breeding; well read, novel, and eccentric; a boon companion; a passion for flowers and music; a *gourmand* and *gastrolatre*; charitable, unostentatious, and flowing with original anecdote. Picture all this, and lo Count Carrer Cadras is before you.

His only fault, apparently, was his smile. It was a little too cynical.

The *Salle a Manger* was undergoing extensive repairs, we dined in the library.

A small, green, and gold room—with rich, crimson hangings, soft cushions, and neat, light, furniture.

Round the room, and placed alternately with vases of flowers, stood several delicate, spiral stands, superbly carved, containing numerous volumes. Each class of works, surmounted by busts in marble and bronze, such as *Æschylus*, *Buffon*, *Goethe*, *Socrates*, *Corneille*, *Hafiz*, *Voltaire*, *Balzac*, and *Napoleon*; pointed out the fine taste of *Carrer Cadras*. On the walls were stands of arms, of Arabian, Asiatic and Circassian manufacture. Swords, wielded in the years of the Crusades; battle-axes, blunted in the wars of *Timour the Tartar*; or *Genhis Khan*! A large glass, surrounded with rare miniatures, and some other *chef d'œuvre* lit up the scene. A curiously fashioned *escritoire*, a large oval table in the centre with covers for three; a bright fire, screened off, completes the room. We sat down. I, opposite to *O'Shaughnessy*; our host between us.

Pressing the ivory knob of a small silver alarum; a sharp, jingling, pleasant, noise, and the entry of a venerable domestic, resplendent in inapproachable cravat, coat, vest, and frills was the result.

The dinner commenced with oysters *au naturel*.

The servant left us.

"It will appear to you, my dear *Murat*, rather absurd. this whim of mine. I can not possibly tolerate servants at my table when dining with my friends, not even my good *Maitre d' hotel*, *Louis Vand*! He is, I assure you, the first distinct thing I can remember, far back in childhood!"

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"No! I consider servants one of the many necessary nuisances. You see, I have my table laid so as to dispense with their services. All it costs one is a little additional trouble. Friends, should always dine alone! At a great man's dinner, it has become the rule, to gather a number of these ignorant plush-wearing fellows around you. They carry your thoughts out of doors, for analytical examination in the neighbouring pot house, and there criticise your diamonds, plate, and wife!"

"And to what blunders, even the most expert, and apparently discreet servant, is liable," remarked O'Shaughnessy.

"For instance: I remember a certain friend of mine who gave a dinner at Vienna to some distinguished fashionables; and, who nearly lost his acknowledged prestige as a gastronomist by the ignorance of his *maitre d' hotel*!"

"Pray, how was that?"

"He had the impertinence to substitute punch *a la Romaine* for *sorbet au rhum*, between the courses!"

"What a dolt!"

"Was this pardonable?"

"No!"

"Parbleu! then down with servants."

"Administer to your own inclinations."

"Do you enjoy your oysters, Murat?"

"They are delicious."

"I adore Pliny, and worship oysters," exclaimed O'Shaughnessy.

"What a luxury they must have been in the time of Sergius Orata," I remarked.

"Why so? The Roman *gourmets* knew nothing of your English testacea."

"But, Pliny did," said O'Shaughnessy.

"And pray, *mon cher*! where the deuce did your historian ever eat them?"

"He does not tell us."

"Ha! What a pity!"

"Conte! did not Malherbe make a small mistake when he pithily remarked, that he knew nothing better than melons and women?"

"You are right," laughed Cadras. "I really do not know which of the two is the most insipid."

"All people cannot live on melons," put in O. Shaughnessy.

"Or, exist on the smiles of a Venus," answered Cadras.

"Now, an oyster never produces indigestion," I said.

"Or is insipid," echoed Bernard.

"And is the only philosophical animal in creation," said the Count.

"Philosophical!"

"The oyster *never opens its lips*, save to preserve health, strengthen constitution, and so prolong life! What modern would-be Socrates, or Plato, does this?"

"Good! let us discuss the oyster."

"And confute Malherbe."

"Let us annihilate the 'melon' philosophy."

"Well! What next?"

"Had Malherbe said oysters and women?"

"He would thus have reached the acme of all reason."

"No!"

"Well!"

"Had he said wine and oysters?"

"It would have immortalized him."

"With the late distinguished Marquis de Cussey, I pledge the diamond of the kitchen."

"Glorious tubercle!"

"King of Mullusks!"

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Turtle soup was now served, accompanied by
delicious iced rum punch.

I asked Cadras, how he liked England.

"Who could dislike it! *Mon cher ami*, though a
cosmopolitan member of society, being here to-day
and away to-morrow, I always look forward to the
advent of my visit to this country with pleasure.

"Do you not prefer our beautiful Italy?"

"Bah! A blue sky to look at perpetually is no
better because it is always blue. One learns to grow
sick of orange blossoms. To an ideal and romantic
mind these ephemeralitys are seducing, but in a
matter of fact view, monotonous."

"But your glorious climate, my dear Count?"

"Salubrious, no doubt! The air charged with
mosquitos and other worse particles. But, *ma foi!*
the society! A race of people sleeping away existence in a Cafe, and talking regeneration midst the
smoke of cigars, very paroquets in conclave! The
one half of life in Italy is wasted in purposeless
dreams. They grumble from day to-day, holding
up their self-afflicted sores to the world's view, and
when some unforeseen calamity overtakes them, they
profoundly exclaim—'Do we deserve such treatment!'"

"You are too severe. A more noble, brave, and
generous race does not exist."

"Granted! I am no dreamer, O'Shaughnessy. I
am for the roast beef and plum pudding philosophy
of England. Polenta, does not suit my taste! I am
like Cardinal Wolsey, 'a man of unbounded stomach.'
Here, everything is fat! Your very criminals are
gloriously fat! Your dogs are fat! Your bishops,
clergy, aldermen, judges, lords, yeoman, soldiers,
sailors, paupers, all are well fed! By jove! I cannot
help giving the preference to a nation carrying

the indelible stamp of its wealth, health, and power, so visibly in her hardy sons. You know what Mrs. Hemans says of Italy:—

“There are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse.
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
And nature lavishes her warmest hues;
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath;
Away! her charms are but the pomp of Death!”

“I agree with her,” replied O’Shaughnessy: “I drink to Old England in generous Chablis.”

And Carrer Cadras smiled his cynical smile.

Vand entered with numerous *entrees*, and helped us to Chateau Morgaux, Lafitte, and Sparkling Champagne.

“Do you admire our *beau sexe* as enthusiastically as you do our men, Count?” I asked.

“I cannot say I do. Some of your blondes are magnificent creatures though—to look at. I only met with one English woman entirely to my taste, and she was, unfortunately, married.”

“What a pity!”

“Will you try this Fricandeau?”

“Thanks.”

Our friend’s cook, Eugene, has been a pupil of Antoine Careme.”

“Indeed.”

“How exquisite these *pates* are. Permit me”—

“Thank you. I prefer these truffles, the champagne sauce is capital.”

“Careme,” said Cadras, “I always considered the Talleyrand of cooks.”

“And Lasac and Robert?”

“Passable. The unfortunate Laquiere was a justly celebrated *Chef*. Careme on the other hand, has not a *bete noir* about him. Read his ‘*Cuisinier Parisien*,’ or his ‘*Le Principal de la Cuisine*,’ the man is a philosopher.”

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"He imitates Corvisart then."

"How?" asked O'Shaughnessy.

"By harmonizing talent, with a good stomach,"

I replied.

"Decidedly," said Cadras.

"Who is Corvisart?" asked Bernard, filling his glass.

"He was physician to Napoleon the First, and a great gastronomer."

"It is curious that the French savans only," observed our host, "have materially contributed to the world, stomachic health."

"Individuality in taste, has done much to destroy this also," I observed.

"We spoil the original recipe," replied Cadras. "by endeavouring to improve upon it. I remember paying a visit, some years ago, to my friend, the Count of Gottschalk's farm, near Warmbrum. We went to the top of the Riensen. I volunteered to cook our extemporized dinner. I signally failed in the production of my *plats*. Wherefore? I simply lacked the science of manipulation; my fingers and brains not working in unison, my poor *hors d'œuvre* were worthless.

Vand, at a giving signal, now appeared. Removing the second course, he substituted sundry *Oremes*, *meringues*, a superb *Suedoise* pudding, various *tourtes*, ices, *blanc-mangers*, and a new and peculiar *Vol-au-Vent*. Of these *entremets*, Cadras eat voraciously.

"Pardon my epicurean taste," he said, with his mouth full of *souffle*; Vand had just brought in a magnificent silver dish. "I am a lover of these trifles, light as air! The second course with me is a failure. The cloth was removed.

"Gentlemen, the sacred 'quarter' approaches; we must study the laws of digestion: a quick desert is the best. Do you take Frontignan, Murat?"

"No, I prefer your Saint Julien."

"And you, O'Shaughnessy?"

"My desert wine is Pacarete—when I can get it."

The signal was given, finger glasses were brought, and we rose. We adjourned to a large room, warm, well carpeted, and curtained. Several fine water-colour drawings of the Count's adorned the dark, blue, and silver-papered walls. A novel, crescent shaped chandelier, with perfumed wax lights, hung pendent from the painted ceiling: a perfect bouquet of dancing nymphs and satyres! Four large and soft divans, covered with light, yellow silk, circled the room. Two fine busts, of Mozart, and Handel, flanked a large piano, lighted up by massive silver candelabra. On a small side table was a gold tray, on which stood a silver urn of peculiar make, six thimble-shaped cups of exquisite workmanship in filegree stands, and a spirit lamp to match the urn. I noticed a small gold box, set with pearls, and the words "*Cafe Noir*" set in the lid, and sparkling with diamonds.

We were enchanted! Throwing ourselves each on a separate divan, we lounged back, sipping our Curacoa, Maraschino, and Kirschwasser, happier than the nectar loving gods.

"This is my boudoir, O'Shaughnessy."

"And this, the most pleasant evening of my life," he answered.

"It is the happiest hour of mine!" I exclaimed.

"I will make you a cup of my best coffee in return for your compliment, Murat," said Cadras smiling.

He lit the spirit lamp.

"Pray examine these little Arabian curiosities? I bought them of a French colonel of *chasseurs* in Algiers."

I took up one.

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"They are very beautiful!"

"How finely these horsemen are drawn."

"Notice the spirit that figure bears in proximity!" enthusiastically put in Bernard.

"And so full of a bold harmony."

"I prize them very much! Many queenly lips have pressed these trifles, and kissed them."

"As I do!" gallantly said Bernard.

"This gold box is a present from the late Mademoiselle B——f."

"Ah!"

"She has left the stage to marry a baron. One day she was a guest of mine: I made coffee. A week after she sent me this—Inside the lid are engraved these words in Italian: 'Preserve thy precious essence in this box. Gold should kiss its surface; and pearls and brilliants, are alone its fit companions.'"

The coffee was made, and handed to us by our polite host. For the first time in my life, I tasted a real cup of coffee. Cadras proceeded to explain how he accomplished this feat.

"I have at Mecca, a man who selects and sends me the choicest berries. I superintend their roasting myself, then grind them. With the aid of this little urn, and a knowledge of the art, I produced my '*Cafe Noir*,'"

We smoked.

"Are you fond of singing, Murat?"

"Passionately!"

"Let me play to you."

He sat at the piano and dashed into the beauties of "*Faust*" with wonderful *eclat*. He paused for a moment; then, in a fine tenor voice, sang the following verses of Thornbury's clever ballad, set to music by our clever friend:—

"Clear the way cry out the lacqueys,
Elbowing the lame and poor,
From the chapel's stately porches,
Way for Madame Pompadour."

"Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
Jostled by the chariot horses
Of this woman—Pompadour."

"Thank you."

"Do you remember those lines, Bernis, is said to have improvised at Choisey during queen Pompadour's palmy days?"

"No, I cannot say I do," replied Cadras.

"I think they run somewhat thus:—

*Les nymphes dans Cythere,
Faisaient un jour,
Un eloge sincere,
De Pompadour.
Le trio des graces sourit,
L'amour applaudit,
Et Venus bouda,
Gai! Lanla! Lanla!*

"Capital! Bravo, Bernis!"

"Count, what say you to your favorite story?" said O'Shaughnessy.

"The lucifer match?"

"Yes."

"With pleasure. Light a cigar, Murat."

"Thanks."

"My grandfather, then, in his youth, was a gardener."

"A gardener!"

"Yes; number forty, genealogical Bartelli, was a lover of flowers. At the early age of fifteen, he evinced an extraordinary aptitude in horticultural study. Yet he abhorred the artificial part of his favorite science. Nature was to him his all; flowers were to him a truth, and not a conception. Now

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in memory of grandfather Bartelli, which of two flowers do you consider the prettiest; a variegated pink, hot-housed and tortured into a dozen hues by human ingenuity and perseverance, or a wild, blue forget-me-not, growing uncared for, by the banks of some silvery stream, and sparkling with the dew of heaven?"

"The pink attracts the eye most," answered O'Shaughnessy.

"And your opinion, Murat?"

"I select the forget-me-not."

"Exactly! One is the production of man; the other of God," replied Cadras. "At Pisa, he laid out one of his natural gardens—see it! and believe, that we cannot beautify nature."

"I agree with you."

"To continue: One fine summer's morning my worthy grandfather went out botanizing. He held in his hand a large bunch of hyacinths. Suddenly, he came upon a group of six gentlemen: they were strangers to him; and he paused. The elder of the party, a lofty, aristocratic looking man, held something between his forefinger and thumb, and was minutely examining it. His boyish curiosity attracted my grandfather to the spot. He continued to approach them unobserved. He now saw that the object of attraction was but a little grey insect, with delicate, fibrous wings, long legs, and protuberant feelers. Mistaking a sudden movement on the part of the gentleman holding the insect, young Bartelli suddenly exclaimed: 'Do not hurt the poor thing, Monsieur!' Now it appears that the person in question had been holding forth to his companions, in an elaborate and learned manner, on the zoographical qualifications of the said insect. To be so unsatisfactorily disturbed, by an urchin of fifteen, was certainly rather unpleasant. A glance of unutterable

contempt from the group followed my grandfather's exclamation, and Bartelli pulled his hyacinths to pieces in consequence."

"I will give you a hundred francs for a lucifer," exclaimed the gentleman holding the insect. "I have one Monsieur," eagerly replied my grandfather, anxious to remedy the fault of his obtrusion. "Give it me." The boy hesitated. "Give me the match, sirrah," and he snatched it from him. "Here are your hundred francs." He ignited the lucifer match, and as the sulphur lit up he raised his hand gradually in a direct line beneath the body of the helpless and now writhing animal. With a bound and a shriek of pain, my grandfather seized his uplifted arm, crying out—"Cruel! Cruel! It is inhuman! Messieurs!" The lucifer fell amidst the scattered hyacinths; the insect released from its captivity flew away. The would-be torturer, experimentalist, or whatever you choose to designate him, turned wrathfully upon my boy relative and was about to strike him. But my grandfather's mild steadfast glance, met his unfoiled, and the uplifted arm was stayed. "Give me thy hand, boy," he now said mildly; "you have taught me a good lesson." "Gentlemen," he continued turning to his companions, "never harm even a fly for the gratification of an idle, and cruel curiosity. Boy! you have taught Prince V——n a lesson in humanity. Take up your flowers, and follow me. I will make a man of you. He faithfully kept his word. Ten years later, my grandfather was private Secretary to the Prince, and died at a good old age, decorated, esteemed, titled, and worth thirty millions of francs."

"What a curious episode."

"Do not marvel then, Murat, at any of my doctrines. You see, my whole system is based upon phlogistic principles. From Monsieur Phosphorous Bar-

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telli sprang Phosphorescent Cadras." We thanked him and rose to depart.

"Count, pray breakfast with us to-morrow?" said O'Shaughnessy.

"I am such a sluggard."

"Well, a quiet dinner then."

"With pleasure. Let me tell you what has brought me to England this time. You, O'Shaughnessy, know my opinion of women generally. I have come then to find a wife! She must be a phenomenon! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Good night!"

And Carrer Cadras smiled his cynical smile.

CHAPTER VI.

Count Carrer Cadras and myself are very intimate. The more I know of this man the more I admire him. O'Shaughnessy is in Ireland on business. Three months have elapsed, and still no news of Ida Vernon. I dine with the Count.

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"You advocate woman's rights, Murat," he was saying.

"And honor the dear sex."

"Let me defend myself by a few opinions, based upon a passable experience."

"You cannot shake my fidelity."

"Pardon me: I do not wish to do so. Pray, pic-

ture to yourself Madame Eve plucking the forbidden fruit."

"With what view?"

"Why, by this act she laid the primeval foundation of right, over all our passions and feelings. She has thus as it were become the pomiferous bearing tree of all our ills."

"And at the same time the Polyanthus of our lives." I replied bowing.

"Alas! the pistil, of your moral polyanthus contains a horrid poison. My dear Murat, from the cradle to the grave we have but one centrifugal sphere of action. All we strive for—wealth, knowledge, fame, power, has but one object—WOMAN. For her sake, we wade through sin and misery; toiling, fretting existence away for a smile! Why had Adam no strength of purpose to guide him? Eve, in her *couleur de rose* beauty, sang her tempting song beneath the weeping stars, and innocence, wisdom, truth, strength, manhood, fell!"

"And on the other hand, woman's lot after all is the least enviable."

"We are not to blame for that, and we pity them! Why her very weakness is her strength."

"Are we not the cause of all her sorrows?"

"You must be joking! Have you ever loved a woman?"

"Yes! my mother!"

"But, I mean what is called ethical love."

"No!"

"Then consider yourself a very luckyfellow. All your ethereal sentiment, this nonsense of the heart; this tinsel once rubbed off, what is it? A poor matter of fact, ridiculous piece of humbug. Your angel love has fallen into a state of 'fat, fair, and forty.' The lips that once allured you and enthralled you with their honey-breach now nothing but caudle

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lectures. You submit to all this with the best grace ; swallow cold mutton three times a week, and after all, the fools talk of woman's rights forsooth !"

"Joy, sorrow, beauty, wealth, life, are all perishable ! Circumstances, the wear and tear of existence, cloud our bliss. We take woman to our heart as we pluck a flower. When she fades, she is still a happy memory ! When she dies and leaves us to our cold indifference, she is the hope guiding us on to a better future !"

"I will draw you a picture. See that fellow crawling, knife in hand, tracking down his unconscious victim. Presto ! the throat is cut ! A pet 'Triviata,' lolling back at home in her rich shawls, receives the golden harvest in her lap. And then this regal sin flashes past next day in her purple garments ; the envy, and hatred of her fallen sisters !"

But, we do not all murder, my dear Cadras, for those we love."

"Not indeed, perhaps. Take up the history of any civilized nation you please, and select there from kings, statesmen, philosophers, poets, authors, warriors, and tell me what power it is that has moved them one and all through their different actions. Have they not murdered religion, name, fame, conscience, and an unknown future, for—Woman ?"

"The will of an inscrutable Providence marks all our actions."

"Was the world built up and filled with flowers, song, sun, moon, stars, for such an end ?"

"We have all been born to a good purpose Cadras. It is our passions that clothes all purity with sin."

"Can we master Eve's first act of disobedience ?"

"We can atone for our errors. How many do so."

"Who has not succumbed to the serpent ? Build me palaces ! Track me out a route moonwards ! Be

thief! play the hypocrite! do all I bid thee, be it ever so mean and despicable! Colour your actions as you please, I care not. Do it! exclaims the beauty; and straightway we, poor, deluded moths, rush on to our destruction! Should we return from the ordeal successful, we glorify. If unsuccessful, we cut our throats, and thus add suicide to the catalogue, as a final and supreme token of submission."

"We have not reached such a deplorable state of things yet."

"Move in society! close your eyes, and the shadows dance imp-like before you. These prattling intriguing, popinjays, lure one on to the abyss, in spite of faith and reason."

"Our own selfishness has caused all the evil you so unjustly complain of."

"True! I admit you have come at the root of all evil! My dear Eugene—baby, child, girl, boy, man, woman, take us all as you will, we are snugly enveloped, rich in our robe of—SELFDOM! as the spider in his web, intricate! This cancer, rooted in the vitals of truth and originality is making us the poor despicable mortals we are. This evil has obliterated nearly all religion from our souls! We prostrate ourselves amidst its very dust; kiss its mammoth feet; nature is perverted in us, and a glorious selfishness reigns triumphant!"

"You are right, Cadras! The dog licking the jeweled hand of selfdom would turn with disgust from such pollution. It will not do I know to tell society openly that they are nothing but a pack of hypocritical, selfish, wretches, aspiring to virtues they never experience or understand. Yet, do we not see all this, and more daily growing, expanding, beneath our very eyes. One must look upon life as a chimerical man, as a nonentity; and consider mammoths arisen in our stead."

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"Let us continue our previous conversation."

"Certainly."

"You do not surely, Cadras, condemn all womanhood for the glaring faults of a few? History records, and our present day points, to thousands of woman, whose virtues, goodness, and worth, is as clear, and imperishable, as the stars."

"It may be so; but I have met with none of these divinities. Why the very painted savage, ignorant of refinement, and void of our looking-glass philosophy, can play the coquette to your vanity as well as the best bred demoiselle in England. Poor, dear, innocents, it is their nature to love us. Life, my dear Eugene, is divided for us into theoretical parts, and which we all study well, and do justice to. They are these:—First theory.—Contemn God's mercies, crush down all your better nature, and turn religion into an easy step-ladder to self aggrandizement. Second theory—Trample upon one another; crush, kill, abuse; pile up the millions of sinful bricks it takes to raise up temples to woman, mammon and vanity; mortar all this with an outward philanthropy; and he who, in the end, can boast of the finest woman, the most money, and the best and most refined vanity, has lived well, and as becomes the christian of our day."

"Ha! ha! and the climax to your theoretical analysis of our human frailties, Cadras?"

"I am coming to that. The thunder clap presently comes, and a crash ensues; the wail of all mortality shrieks out its agony—**REPENT!!** The smoke clears away—**ASHES—DEATH!** Lo! the ruins of selfishness: a laughing, fleshless god, the victor!"

"Be merciful!"

"Yes! as they have been to me! Now, let us take a Circassian beauty; fresh and magnificent from her Caucasian home, ignorant of all else save her

veiled charms! We will throw her—for the sake of exemplification—in to the arms of a decrepit opium eating pacha. What is the natural result? Intrigue, falsehood, and evil thoughts take possession of this child's heart. And who is the author of this mischief? Her own mother! Selfishness, sells its offspring! Her grandchild will, in after years grow up, nursed with one idea, namely—'Make all pacha's on earth your slaves! Despise, conquer them! or they will conquer you, as they have crushed your mother!' Woe, then to the man who makes that woman his wife! Mahommetanism keeps woman in her proper sphere. There, too, they rebel, seeking hearts to poison." Here is another instance:

"Blue eyes, coral lips, decked with pearl. Her golden, wavy hair, is as soft and free as the breath of heaven. In bare, tiny feet, this rustic rosebud, with her simple *naivete* comes joyfully from her village home, down into the valley of a great city. Twelve months after, she is an abandoned, painted, subterfuge. She has come purposely from innocence to sin! In spite of all her early assumptions, crime nestled in her heart! She dies: A despised memory; children born in, and to sin; broken men, ruined youth, her only conquests! Have you any sympathy to offer for this specimen of divine woman?"

"None! But how many are betrayed to this end?"

"Here is the final example, and I have done. I am really growing tired!"

"Lady Augusta! Diamond, opal, sapphire, ruby and pearl! Attar of roses, and mecklin lace! Resplendent in all her feminine charms! Teeth, hands, feet, bust, complexion, hair, eyes, a very Cleopatra! Why, look at the champagne sparkles of her dimpled cheeks! They alone are worth a million plebeian lives! Deeper, softer, aye! more ravishing, than the breast of mythological Madame Venus! Al

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these are, of course, the external points of attraction. Let us penetrate the intricate regions of her silk embroidered, and gold bespangled corslet. A heart should be beneath that alabaster skin! Alas! the anatomy of Truth, for once, is at fault! Lady Augusta, poor thing, has no heart! Here is something for your consideration. She has jilted the venerable and grey haired duke of A——, when she was but eighteen. The Earl of B—— has ruined himself to gratify her whims. He thought, poor simpleton, that she loved him! Lord C—— is airing himself in the antipodes through her disinterested affection for him! From one easy flower to another she sips the best honey of life, and enjoys herself. One day her looking-glass kindly informs her ladyship that, she is forty. Now, she throws all her powers into the contest! In vain! *her* world has condemned her! She is known as a heartless, worthless woman! The curtain drops upon an elopement! A ruined captain of cavalry, or some Italian, Russian, or Dutch refugee, triumphantly carries off the marble statue. Disgrace, and even penury, overtake her. A nameless grave is all she leaves behind her to point a moral with."

* * * *

"Light another cigar, and fill your glass, Murat, and then I will answer you."

"I am ready!"

"Now tell me, to what does this great progression tend?"

"To enlightenment, and a better enjoyment of our transitory existence."

"Poor monuments of a fancied immortality! A poem, that not one in a thousand care to read! The marvel of to-day; to-morrow is flat and unprofitable. At Waterloo, your Wellington, with his guards, shot down the French at a hundred yards distance!

Now ; a breech-loader performs the same operation, a mile off ! This is your progression ! What have we gained ? Is not the end the same after all ! Future British generals will, in the next century, draw up their forces on Salisbury plain ; while the Austrians are manoeuvring in opposition, in lower Hungary. To this, we will arrive some day. Progression is a disease, my dear Murat, requiring much watchfulness and medicine to check its ravages. We invent one utility, and then annihilate it, by a hundred successive measures. We crack the golden vessel of Knowledge ; let flow the waters of Progress ; and then run mad to stop the stream of blessings, which will, before long, engulf us. In the end, it will be unnecessary to eat, drink, or sleep ; the only function in requisition will be Thought, Progress ! Bah ! more progress ! to pamper and drown humanity ! All earth ! with no thought of HEAVEN ! ”

“ But this advancement has its limits. Firstly, regeneration is born. We grow, flourish, invigorate, in a new and useful system. As Athens, Rome, Carthage, or Palmyra fell, so shall the progression, of our day, fall. We can but reach a culminating point. ”

“ Very well put ! But this does not lessen the existing evil. In the next era, from the ruin of our old progression, a new one will rise, like the Phoenix from her ashes, fresher, stronger. ”

“ Yes ; but your future humanity will have to rebuild, invent, for hundreds of years, before they can reach even the point we left off at. God, I suppose, permits a people to advance to a certain limit. Then, either war, pestilence, famine, crushes them, and progress falls back to an indefinite superiority. The world is only modified, my dear Count ! One SECOND of time holds the actions of hundreds of years at its mercy. ”

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"You are after all but defending my opinions, by a more logical condemnation, which is hardly generous. I aim at an analyzation of what we term progress."

"Providence is munificent; Cadras, and we ungrateful!"

"What is Progress?"

"Mind!"

"And Knowledge?"

"Power!"

"Ah! Eugene! Eugene! I am sorry that you too, my friend, have fallen into this superficial way of thinking. Picture to yourself again the garden of Eden, and Eve, plucking the traditionary apple of *all our knowledge*, and tell me if *this* gift is power."

"Tell me, do you admit a preordination of past and present?"

"Yes, under certain clauses! The world, perhaps, has passed through certain stages, never preordained, but made absolutely necessary by our after acts. Had we always retained our aboriginal state, possessing no superior knowledge, we should still have been powerful. Our ignorance, our truth, in the first creation, is more powerful than all the knowledge of a cultivated mind."

"Is power, knowledge?"

"No! Samson was powerful," replied Cadras.

"Yes, but blind," I retorted.

"Well, supposing he had *seen* the pillars he was to drag down upon the mass?"

"Knowledge would have whispered: 'Stay thy hand! you are the strongest in this case.'"

"So, power gained the supremacy."

"For once, and once only! Supreme, but for the furtherance of a purpose! Power is knowledge, when we prove it to be so!"

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"As a friend, you will not consider me rude, if I ask you a few questions. O'Shaughnessy has partly enlightened me."

"With pleasure!"

I then, at his request, entered into a full and explicit account of all the particulars connected with Sir Charles Darley and myself. He heard me with great attention to the end.

"And so, if you find Ida Vernon, you are to educate and adopt her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Supposing you do not find her?"

"I shall be grieved!"

"I really cannot see how I can advise you, Murat."

"I would willingly sacrifice half what I am worth to find her!"

"I believe you!"

"I will treble the reward I have already offered!"

"Do so! it may prove successful. And now let us go and see P——f dance the new ballet."

CHAPTER VII.

Cadras has returned from Paris after an absence of three days.

"Wonders will never cease! and so you have really discovered your phenomenon in petticoats."

"Yes."

"Now do tell me all the particulars; there's a good fellow."

"Tell me first, has O'Shaughnessy written?"

"I heard from him this morning: he is in Galway."

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"He tells me the animals are intended for Al-
geria."

"Horses for Algeria?"

"Who can fathom O'Shaughnessy!"

"Mark my words, he will die a millionaire!"

"Now go on: I am all attention."

"When I left you last night, I walked slowly homewards, full of thoughts and fancies that never burthened me before. I felt low spirited and displeased. I know not why. At the corner of Half-moon Street, my footsteps were arrested by a peculiarly expressive face. It was that of a young girl, standing in the shadow, and holding two, or three oranges and a bouquet, of faded flowers. She was poorly, but cleanly clad. Her hair hung in a rich, confused mass about her head; her eyes, shaded with their long lashes, were downcast. I know not what secret impulse prompted me, but I crossed the street and stood near her. "Look up!" were my first words. She did so. I started back. What was there about the girl! my soul seemed drawn towards her! Our eyes met, and my heart beat wildly. Had I seen this face in some bygone dream? Was this the counterpart of a boyish love? *Bathos!* There she stood in the flesh, with her large, blue, and wonder gazing eyes; her rags, a reality. "Come this way girl." I moved a few paces in advance down the deserted street, and stopped. She slowly followed. "What is your name, my child?" I asked her. "Pappy," she said, in a low, sweet voice. "Pappy! What a curious name!" I replied. She looked up. "Grundy calls me Pappy; Sue, and big Joe, call me Pappy; every one calls me Pappy." "And who is Grundy?" was my next query; "I once knew a woman of her name." "I don't know,

sir; she beats poor Sue, drinks gin, and is bad!" she answered. "Does she ever beat you?" "Beat me! No! I sell my oranges, and my flowers, and bring her money. But Sue cries and does not sell her things; so Grundy beats her—awful!" "Where do you live?" "In the court." "What court?" "I don't know; far from this; near the river." "I know it." "Have you no father, Pappy?" I then asked her. "No!" "Mother?" "No!" "Brothers? sisters?" "No! I have no one but poor Sue." The head lowered itself slowly; low, lower, as the tears chased each other, and fell one by one amidst the withered flowers in her hand. I was, somehow, deeply touched. "Do not cry, child, of sorrow! I will take you away from this wretched life; from drunken Grundy, big Joe, and the vile court near the river!" She looked up quickly, and with a joyful eagerness exclaimed: "Will you save me!" and she seized my hand. "I will be a brother to you, Pappy; I will try to blot out the past for you." "My poor heart!" she cried; "how good, how kind, you are sir! But, poor Sue! poor, hard beaten Sue!" Even in her happiness she thought of her more wretched companion. I hailed a cab. "Get in!" I said to her. She looked up timidly in my face, then got in. "Drive to No.—, S—— Row," I said to the driver. "Give me these, Pappy, they are of no use to you now." And I threw the flowers and oranges away. Take back your withered flowers, misery! take back your fruits! oh! crime! and so ends the first act of the drama, Murat.

"I am interested, pray continue!"

"We reached S—— Row. Here dwelt my landlady, Mrs. Talbot. I had resolved to place the young girl in her keeping, until I could form some future plan regarding her. A ten pound note silenced all qualms of conscience, and little Pappy was

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duly received by the buxom matron, with many protestations of kindness. I reached my room. Flinging myself on a sofa, I burst out laughing! Curiously enough, my first thought was of you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you what I thought? What will Murat think of me? Here am I playing at philanthropy, with a child of eleven. Where is all my reasoning now? He will laugh at me! Conquered by a girl!"

"On the contrary, I give you every credit for what you have done! An action of this description is noble, and can never depreciate you in the eyes of society!"

"As to that, I do not care a jot for the opinions of all the world. Scandal cannot harm me!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" I replied.

"Do you know she is at present in the house?"

"Well, what of that?"

"True,—immediate action in this matter, is my only plan! What shall I do first, Murat?"

"Send her to school of course!"

"Parbleu! she is still a living darkness."

"Is she stupid?"

"No."

"Then fear nothing! Have you spoken to her since?"

"Yes. She remembers nothing of her early years. Grundy is the only person she can distinctly recollect, and her companion Sue, seems her only sympathetic medium."

"Poor child!"

"Yet, beneath all this ignorance, a latent spark of intelligence seems to run. A stream full of simple, good thoughts and feelings."

"Try her then!"

"I will! She shall have the best schooling in

France! I will essay the trial! This child, Murat, has unaccountably captivated me. Who knows! She may some day be Countess Cadras!"

"A noble resolution! If this wild flower, nursed in the hot-bed of crime and sin, prove herself worthy of the honor you intend for her, this, my friend, will be the brightest deed of your life. Thus casting sunshine round your hypothetical misanthropy."

He took my hand.

"I thank you, Eugene! From my heart, I thank you!"

He then continued, with more energy and vehemence than I ever noticed in him before.

"My life has been one grand mistake, Murat! I will remedy it. I cannot recall the past; but, I will complete the present; and then let the future work out my destiny as it will. I have a purpose to accomplish, and I *will* accomplish it! I cannot see a worm suffer; but I see humanity judge me by the standard of my deeds. Yet they know full well that the very actions they condemn in others, are but the reflections of their own hidden faults."

And with this simple apophthegm, we parted.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two weeks after I received the following note, in reply to one I had written to Count Cadras, regarding little Pappy:—

My Dear Murat,—

I leave for Paris this afternoon. I intend placing the young girl in the hands of Madame L——. Judging from a letter I received from her yesterday, she is just the person to take charge of this child. I will see her myself, and explain fully my wishes, and will be back in a few days.

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Does not Pappy sound oddly as a name? I ran over yesterday all our existing nomenclature, but could hardly hit upon a fitting substitute. At length I resolved to transform "Pappy" into "PAPETA." This sounds prettier, and is more rational. Henceforth, then, Eugene, know her as Papeta Carrer. I have given her a name. May heaven work out a suiting future for this poor child of God!

Yours ever,

Monday Evening.

CARRER CADRAS.

On the 3rd January, I was sitting in the library, when O'Shaughnessy hurriedly entered.

"My dear Eugene!" he breathlessly exclaimed; "I am so glad I have found you! I mean——."

"What is the matter?"

"I have news for you!" he continued, seating himself near me; "but—but—"

"For heaven's sake explain yourself!"

"Well,—— As you must know it sooner, or later, I may as well tell you: *Ida Vernon is dead!*"

"Dead!" I exclaimed; starting to my feet, and then falling back as quickly, utterly overcome by this sudden blow to all my hopes and anxiety.

"Calm yourself."

"Dead!" I muttered, not heeding O'Shaughnessy's disquietude—"Gone! and for ever! Even this, the only link binding me to him who was my second father. O'Shaughnessy! Bernard! this is bitter news you bring me!"

"Read this, and then let us reason calmly."

I mechanically took a newspaper he handed me, and read the following paragraph, with feelings more easily imagined than described:—

TO L. FRANCIS, ESQUIRE.

"Those interested in the fate of IDA VERNON, will find her grave in the public cemetery of St.——, at Marseilles."

The paper fell from my hands, and I remained stupefied.

"Have you any doubts, Eugene?"

"No!"

"This is yesterday's 'Moniteur.' But who is the author of this passage, is the next question?"

"I would give ten thousand pounds to know!"

"I suppose it would be useless to write to the editor of the paper?"

"Who can it be?"

"It is evident the person who inserted this, will be on the look out for some recognition, or some reply."

"A good thought! I will send to Francis immediately. Let him answer it."

"Do so."

I requested my solicitor to reply, and sent the newspaper, with the few hurried lines I wrote, to him.

"I tell you what it is, Murat, say what you will, in spite of this insertion, I have my doubts as to the veracity of this anonymous information."

I started.

"Explain yourself, Bernard!"

"I will put the case to you thus; for a long time your notices, regarding this child, have appeared more than five hundred different papers. You learn nothing up to this time. Ida must have been in the keeping of some one. And now, suddenly appears in the 'Moniteur,' a notification of her death."

"It seems suspicious, certainly."

"Why did they not write to Francis?"

"Bernard! I will go to Marseilles!"

"Bravo!"

"I will not believe anything until I see, with my own eyes, her grave."

"I will accompany you!"

"When shall we go?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow be it."

Reader! Time, unravels the tangled skein of life for us; and Hope, looks tearfully on.

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CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of the 5th January, we arrived at Marseilles.

We reached the cemetery of St. ———.

We stood outside the large ornamental gates. The sun shone bright, and clear, over the city of the dead. Here, where young hopes and joys had gone down to earth, side by side, with the sorrow of poor worn out hearts !

We entered.

A neat lodge, stood beyond the gates. O'Shaughnessy accosted an official.

"We wish to be shewn a certain grave."

"Monsieur must refer to the Registrar, M. Dupuis. You will find him in the lodge," the man answered.

We passed on.

In the lodge we found an elderly personage in a grey surtout, seated by a fire reading. How indignant this appeared. Death, and graves were nothing to him. O'Shaughnessy made our wishes known to him. He rose slowly, took a book from a shelf, placed it on the table near him, and turned the leaves over until he came to the letter 'V.' He paused.

"Did Monsieur say Vardon ?" he asked.

"No ; Vernon," I replied.

I watched with a beating heart the long, bony finger glide down each page in succession. The finger stopped, and the man looked up.

"Here it is, gentlemen ! Ida Vernon, number 1809."

There was a pause.

"Will you kindly answer me a few questions M. Dupuis?"

"I am at Monsieur's service."

He closed the book.

"Have you any recollection, or knowledge of the person, or persons that buried number 151809?"

"Monsieur, I have been thirty years here. I have learned to be indifferent to these matters. Many are brought here daily: I take no notice: One of the living comes here, answers a few questions—"

"Ha! questions? What questions?"

"A few entries are made in this book. Monsieur may read those in connection with 151809."

He opened the book again. The entry was as follows:—

REGISTER NUMBER.	NAME.	SEX.	DATE OF INTERMENT.	REMARKS.
151809.	Ida Vernon.	Female.	10th December, 18—.	This young girl died in a straitened land, and was laid in her resting place by strangers.

O'Shaughnessy looked over my shoulders, and read with me.

"Who is supposed to fill up this last column, M. Dupuis?" I asked.

"The deceased's friends, or relatives. It is a custom, Monsieur."

"Try if you can bring the person who made this particular entry, to your recollection."

"Monsieur, I will try! Jacques, shew these gentlemen to number 151809."

We went out silently.

Without exchanging a word, we reached a spot where some leafless sycamores grew.

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"This is number forty range, gentlemen," said our conductor.

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IDA VERNON.

Born 27th October, 18—.

Died 8th December, 18—.

Aged 11 years and 8 months.

O'ER THIS YOUNG GRAVE, STRANGER, SHED A TEAR.
THY PRAYER; O! PAUSE, AND BREATHE IT HERE.

An unchecked grief found vent and fell in large drops, amidst the dead leaves at my feet. A tribute to Ida's unknown memory; an offering of sorrow to my dead, kind benefactor!

O'Shaughnessy was about to draw me away.

"Stay! I must make a copy of this!"

I did so.

"Are you convinced now, Bernard?" I asked him, closing my pocket-book.

"Would that I could still doubt!" was the kind and mournful reply." But why all this mystery, Eugene?"

"What was Ida Vernon to these strangers!"

"Who knows! They may be friends!"

"Poor Sir Charles, did you but know this!"

"Let us go, Eugene!"

"Yes, Bernard, Let us go. All is over now!"

"God's will be done!"

"Amen."

We left the grave.

The first glance, as we entered the lodge again, told me that Dupuis remembered nothing!

"Monsieur, I never told a falsehood! I know nothing of number 151809!"

"Enough! I thank you! You can still do me a favor."

The old man bowed.

"I will send you some iron rails this afternoon will you see them properly placed round the grave?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"When the flowers are plentiful, will you put a good assortment of them, and some plants, within the rails?"

"With pleasure!"

"Here are three hundred francs, to defray your preliminary expenses."

He took the money.

"Will you devote a little of your leisure to this grave?"

"Oui Monsieur!"

"Then pray accept these fifty francs as a remuneration. I will remit quarterly to you a similar sum."

"Monsieur is too generous!"

"Further; if any person should ever call to make any enquiries about number 151809, if you wish to

was the kind person, until you know who, and what, he is !”

“Monsieur may rely on my discretion and devotion !”

“Many thanks ! There is my address in London. I have yours. Your hand, M. Dupuis !”

We parted and stood again outside the gates of death.

“Eugene ! you have done your duty !”

“I hope so, Bernard !

“Do not despond ! Life has still bright hopes in store !”

“Damon !”

“Pythias !”

We will look back at this hour, some day, Eugene, when we are happy.”

“And not regret it ?”

“Yes, as brothers in friendship, we will rejoice, and weep together.”

* * * *

A month after, I had pledged my word to O'Shaughnessy, to join him in one of his “Ideas.”

I read countless volumes on all topographical, social, political, and financial subjects connected with Turkey. We contributed a joint capital of ten thousand pounds. We agreed to leave England in March, proceed to Malta, and thence on to Constantinople, in O'Shaughnessy's yacht. I made my will. By Vernon's fortune, I bequeathed to the endowment of an orphan school, to be called the “Vernon Charity.” Thus far satisfied, I turned my thoughts to a new and useful life.

* * * *

As that star, which guided the shepherds to the manger at Bethlehem, nineteen centuries ago, rose, still the self-same star ; I gazed my parting look on the dear old cliffs I loved so well. Poor Sir Charles

Darley ! Poor Ida Vernon ! What wish ? what hope
to bind me to my original purpose. They are both
gone ! Room ! room, in the world's expanse
Action, and a place, amidst mankind.

Guard me to good ends thou unseen spirit
Truth ! As angels bear to God a pure soul, from
earth's painful sorrows ; so, I trust, my prayers for
forgiveness, my supplications for strength, may go
up to heaven, purified.

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PART THE SECOND.

LOVE AND SORROW.

CHAPTER I.

Up rose the crescent moon, in a flood of light!
We welcomed her, and in our *dolce far niente* indolence, kissed our hands to her.

We lay on the deck of the gallant little "Amy," smoking our Havanna's, and enjoying our grog.

A fair breeze carried us bravely past the dark green isles of Lemnos and Tenedos. Imbro loomed indistinct ahead.

On the golden crested waves, a flock of snowy sails cleaved the waters round us, dashing the white starred spray from bow to stern. On they ran, like a troop of gamboling children, on some silver sanded beach; all song and laughter. Up moon, through thy spangled path! Splash on, O! sea! for this is liberty!

"Do you believe that everything we see, O'Shaughnessy, hath its moral lesson? Or, with Carlyle * * * * in every Reality, nay in every genuine Shadow of

Reality * * * * there lie a hundred such, or a million such, according as thou hast the *eye* to read them."

"Tennyson somewhere beautifully asks:

'And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?'"

"Yes! Its expanding beauty, its fragrance, its charms, all point and teach a moral lesson."

"Look at those two brigs, Eugene; each is nearly equal in size, build, and the canvas they carry. How eagerly each is striving for the victory. Both are proceeding to the same haven; perhaps on the same errand. We will say one comes from Mexico, and the other from Australia. Are they not prototypes of ourselves? Are they not fighting, failing, succeeding, as we do through life? Do not those two vessels point a moral lesson? All is nature dumb pantomime. One sees, and if he pleases, understands; as he hath the *eye* to read."

Captain Edwards, our sailing master, now joined us.

"I have been calculating the probable time that 'Pera' will reach Gallipoli, Mr. O'Shaughnessy."

"And the result, Captain?"

"She should reach Constantinople four days after us."

"So soon," I exclaimed

"We cannot hope to beat a vessel of her class many days, even taking into consideration our present advantages."

"So that the engineers, and machinery, will be landed at Gallipoli, as we reach Constantinople."

"Yes, Eugene; in a fortnight we shall astonish the natives."

Captain Edwards left us.

"Bernard, I am longing to see the Dardanelles."

"Grow ecstatic, when you see the Bosphorus, my fellow!"

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"I wish we knew a little more about Cavalla, Berres, and Chiezè, O'Shaughnessy."

"Eugene, we have undertaken a difficult venture; all our experience will have to be bought. We have also a subtle race to deal with. For instance: one of your educated landed proprietors, in this country, lends out his money to his poor tenants, at an exorbitant interest. In return, he appropriates half the produce. Next steps in a grasping, impoverished government, with its ruinous taxes. What has the unfortunate peasant left? What are the consequences? The well robbed labourer turns rascal on his own account. Is he not perfectly justified in cheating every one he comes in contact with? Everything in Turkey is done with a bare-faced impunity. To ameliorate this evil, and to succeed, we must first gain the good will of the crop grower. By studying his interests, and making him our friend, we strike at the root of an existing evil. We will make enemies, no doubt. But what of that; we shall gain ten friends for every foe we make."

Onward, little "Amy," on thy way!

*

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We cast anchor off Scutari.

And this is Constantinople! This, the famous earthly heaven of Mahometanism! Hail! once renowned Byzantium! I salute thy domes, minarets; thy palaces, and thy glory.

To the left, stands Justinian's priceless mosque of Sancta Sophia. Rising like lesser satellites, are Solyman's, Ahmed's and Selim's, transplendent in marble and mosaic. I was enchanted! Well may the Osmanli place traditionary Eden on the banks of the many hued, and sparkling Bosphorus! We landed—what a contrast. Is this then the golden city. What filth! What misery!

Flow on Hellespont! Beautiful, serene!

Onward, poor fallacy! Live on,—and dream!

Ten days sufficed us to transact our affairs with the government authorities. On the twelfth day, we landed at Gallipoli. I will here briefly give my reader a cursory synopsis of our plans.

Turkey, were it in proper hands, would become a formidable rival to America, as a cotton growing country. My friend, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, knew this. Our first object then, was to remove certain existing evils, and endeavour to stimulate the people to more healthful action. Money was bringing the usurer twenty-five per cent. Our firm would lend at five per. The introduction of mechanical power would facilitate our plans, and remove many of the grievances. By establishing small depots, in the central parts of the cotton growing districts, having Gallipoli, Salonica, and Cavalla, as ports of departure, we hoped to form a cordon of communication, easy of access, to all parties. Our arrival at Gallipoli, therefore, created no small sensation. When they saw, a few weeks later, steam power accomplishing, in an hour, the work of weeks, they believed in us; praising Allah and the prophet accordingly. Our success was an established fact.

I found the seaport town of Cavalla, a small walled-in place, with an open roadstead. The island of Thaso stands in close proximity. A number of monks occupy convents, and lead the same austere life of their brethren on Mount Athos. Not a female exists amongst the Thaso community. Some five hundred future Koran expounders are educated at Cavalla. A charitable institution, endowed by the late Imbrain Pacha, clothes, feeds, and educates a large number of the poorer classes. We erected two hydraulic presses at this place. I shall never forget the open mouthed wonder of the poor Turks, as the saw bag after bag of cotton vanish from before them and as quickly become metamorphosed into a new

our affairs with little bale, some twelve feet square. Where does the cotton go to? and hydraulic power echoed—Where! Leaving an agent to act for us, we took horses and started for Serres, the capital city of Macedonia.

We paused on our way for a moment, to gaze on the ruins of the once famous Philippi. We thought of Brutus. At sunset, we reached the small but picturesque village of Zigna. Next day we reached Serres.

It is a large, clean, but straggling town, containing some twenty thousand inhabitants. Remaining two days, we purchased a house, for our winter quarters, and then proceeded southward.

We were bound, reader, to a village, not marked on the map of European Turkey. A place, I presume, you never heard mentioned before. O'Shaughnessy based all his hopes of future success, on this neglected and out of the way spot. It is called Chiezè.

Some twenty wooden huts, and a large store house, constituted the little village.

O'Shaughnessy, by ingenious calculations, immediately saw the great benefit we would derive by occupying this spot. I will tell you why:

All cotton, for the market of Cavalla and Salonica, coming from Serres, and its vicinity, was transported by a long and tedious journey, of five and six days duration, at a cost of two pounds five per load of five hundred, and sixty pounds of material in pod. The profits then to the merchant were very small, when the article reached its destination. The plans we offered were these:

A journey can be performed from Serres, or from the furthest northern district, to Chiezè, in sixteen hours. The cost of transport, consequently, is a great deal less.

For three pounds ten shillings, we would press,

gin, and forward five hundred pounds weight of cotton to Salonica.

Here were palpable and decided advantages. The "Amy" was called into requisition; and before long we had more work to do than we could well attend to.

Flushed with success, I went to Salonica, leaving O'Shaughnessy at Chiezè.

Whatever the ancient Thessalonica may have been in her palmy days, its present appearance is but a poor one. Money and trade is plentiful. Some of the richest Jews in the world occupy palatine residences in this seaport. Its only attractions are a triumphal arch, erected in the days of Alexander the Great, and the church of Saint Demetrius. I was shewn a stone pulpit, wherein tradition says, Saint Paul preached to the Thessalonians.

In December we were at Serres.

Fortune smiled kindly upon us. Reader, in descending down at heel Turkey, the firm of O'Shaughnessy, Murat and Company, incredible as it may appear, realized in the short space of nine months, in these civilized regions, the sum of ten thousand pounds. Bravo! O'Shaughnessy. We were very happy when, lo! a change came o'er the spirit of our dream.

CHAPTER II.

"Mr. Balsotti seems a very good fellow, Berna-

"Decidedly! and the girls are charming."

"He gives good dinners in this land of *maigre*."

"And speaks capital English."

"Which you must allow, is no small advantage."

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"By all means, then, we go to Balsotti's House."

"Will you answer his note, Bernard?"

"Yes, immediately. I will send Metafá round with it."

Metafá was our dragoman. A fine, honest, brave, and noble Ionian! His indefatigable zeal materially aided us in our ignorance of the language, customs and rascalities of the country. Metafá, in his own way, was a genius; always either driving bargains, or beating the poor Turks. His great and only fault was smoking. Nicoli Metafá, and his *nargille*, were inseparable companions.

"I say, Eugene," observed O'Shaughnessy, "do you think Balsotti has an eye to our business?"

"Perhaps so. Tell me who has not, pray?"

"True! For my part, the firm of Murat, O'Shaughnessy and Company will never receive my sanction or its augmentation."

"Or mine, Bernard."

"Bravo! We can then each exclaim with Cæsar: *Veni! Vidi! Vici!* If we fail, we have no one else to blame but ourselves."

"So that when we return to England—"

"Yes, when we *do* return."

"Why, you speak as if you are going to stop here for twenty years!"

"And why not, Eugene! We came to Turkey to make money; as long as we succeed, I say, let us remain!"

"In five years we will have made enough, Bernard."

"And in five years the firm will not exist!"

"How so?"

"Simply thus: Before long, merchants and speculators will find out our advantages; they will follow our footsteps; the whole country will be covered with machinery; monopoly at an end, tariffs will fall;

government will tax, and competition will become the order of the day. But before this comes to pass I intend that we shall be worth one hundred thousand pounds! Then let them fight away!"

The house of Mr. Carlo Balsotti stood in an open space in one of the upper streets of the town, isolated from the other fashionable residences. It was a commodious and substantial building. Mr. Balsotti was rich. He laid the basis of his large fortune on the lucky discovery of a stream swarming with leeches. They sold in Italy, and elsewhere, at that time, for enormous prices. At the age of fifty Carlo Balsotti considered himself the richest man in Macedonia.

We made his acquaintance on our first flying visit to Serres, and found him then very kind and attentive. One day he wrote to us, and invited us to pass a week with him. We accepted his kind invitation. His three daughters, Paulina, Margarita, and Helen, we considered them to be the three graces personified. I found them so different from the generality of young ladies one meets in eastern societies. They were refined, clever, and spoke French, Italian, and German, with remarkable fluency and correctness. Carlo Balsotti was born at Naples. He came with his parents as a boy to Salonica. Madam Balsotti was a native of Italy, and born at Rome. She was a pleasant and vivacious dame, full of hospitable kindness. So we went to "Casa Balsotti" as it was called.

How little did we dream to what results this simple friendly visit would lead. But I am anticipating.

We were in the *saloon*, enjoying our *tete a tete*, with the mesdemoiselles Balsotti, and thought ourselves *entres nous*, no small fry.

The young ladies left us to dress for dinner.

"What fine eyes Miss Paulina has, O'Shaughnessy

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O'Shaughnessy

“ Think of Margarita's hair ! ”

“ Pray remember Paulina's little feet ! ”

“ Margarita's lips ! such carmine ! ”

“ Paulina's dimpled chin ! ”

“ Margarita's waist ! ”

“ Tut, man ! to finish it, they are the two prettiest girls out of London ! Hush ! here comes Balsotti. ”

The little man came smilingly towards us, rubbing his jewelled hands in his usual happy manner, and looking the picture of good humour.

“ Ah ! I have found you. Hush ! I have a delightful surprise for you ! ” and he closed the door mysteriously.

“ Pray what is it ? ” said O'Shaughnessy.

“ Now, I like doing things systematically ! ” he continued, seating himself. Have you any objection to consider yourselves ministers, undergoing examination, before a Cardinal ? ”

“ Oh, no ! certainly not ! ” we replied, laughing. ”

“ Very well ! Now, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, how many Englishmen are there in Serres ? ”

“ Two, your lordship. ”

“ Good ! No others, M. Murat ? ”

“ None, my lord Cardinal. ”

“ Do you not know, gentlemen, that an English lady resides in Serres ? ”

“ An Englishwoman in Serres ! Impossible ! ”

“ Yes ! and now listen : as you know, not fifty yards from this is my drawing room. In that room I have just left a lady ; you will be introduced to her. Her name is Helen Matley. ”

“ About four years ago she came to me with a letter of recommendation from my friend, M——'s, the banker at Salonica. Her previous life, I believe, has been an unhappy one. She desired peace, quiet, and seclusion. She undertook the education of my girls ; and before long, so won upon our affection,

by her kindness, sweetness of temper, and goodness, that Helen Matley became the pet of the 'Casa Balsotti.' "

"She brought with her a little girl, about seven years old, a very angel in golden ringlets. This child died nine months after Helen's arrival. I never witnessed such terrible grief as hers. I really thought she would die under her sufferings. She kept her room for two months. A protracted illness followed, and we were all in despair. So much have we learned to love and respect Helen Matley."

"Excuse me; has she ever been married?" I asked.

"No. This child belonged to her only sister. Poor little Ida!"

"Ida!" I exclaimed, starting.

"What is the matter, Mr. Murat?"

"Pardon me!—nothing!—a mere passing remembrance."

"Meet her freely. She objected to seeing you at first, because she fears some unguarded recollection of her former days, may break her peace."

"Fear nothing, Mr. Balsotti."

"Very well. Be off now and get dressed, we have not much time to spare."

An Englishwoman in Serres! A lady of fashion isolated amongst heathen Turks! What next?

I hurriedly performed my toilet, and went below.

Madame Balsotti, Margarita, and Paulina, in their quiet and appropriate evening costume, joined us in the drawing room. Shortly after, Carlo Balsotti entered with Helen Matley leaning on his arm.

My dear reader, nothing on earth *can* be dearer to you than the face you love. What feelings are yours, as you gaze on the fond picture, and kiss the lips that speak no other kinder thought than the love she bears you. Have you not looked on the

and goodness, portrait of some dear and departed friend, with melancholy, but pleasant recollections. When you kiss your only child, what thoughts are yours? When you sigh, or hope, when joy, or sorrow, come upon you, how is your heart? Some such contention of natural feelings, some such thoughts, passed through my mind, as my eyes rested, for the first time, on Helen Matley.

She kept her illness followed much have we Matley."

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"This is Mr. Murat, Helen," said Balsotti.—"Murat—Miss Matley."

She bowed gracefully; and then, as if by sudden impulse, held out her small, snowy hand.

"To meet you, Miss Matley, beneath the roof of my friend, Mr. Balsotti, is a double pleasure."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Shaughnessy; I am happy to make your acquaintance."

She turned to Miss Balsotti, and, in perfect French, said:

"How well you look this evening, darling!"

"*Mai foi!*" answered the young beauty; "and yourself Miss Matley."

"Margarita dear, pray run up to Helena's room, for a moment before dinner, and compel her to take every drop of that nasty medicine the doctor has just sent. No one can do it better." Margarita went out.

Let me endeavour to describe Helen Matley to you.

Tall, slight, but well proportioned; the face pale, but wonderfully expressive; massive dark hair, as soft as silk, parting in two rich bands across a high, noble, and intellectual forehead; long, drooping eyelashes; shading dark, and unfathomable eyes; a well turned lip; a cupid's mouth: rosy, fragrant, and pearly; a fine neck: arching, and graceful; a

full bust; a white, clear complexion; a captivating carriage; a quiet, unobtrusive manner; and an inexplicable charm in conversation, are a few of the characteristics of Helen Matley's beauty and goodness.

I conducted her to the dining room, and sat next to her at dinner. Our conversation, restrained at first, gradually became general. Literature, the opera, the drama, and a hundred other similar subjects, gave Helen Matley the opportunity of showing off to advantage, her rare talents. I saw with regret the ladies rise to leave us. We drank tea in the drawing room, made by Helen's fair hands, and shortly after separated, having passed a very delightful evening.

I accompanied O'Shaughnessy to his room.

"Well, what do you think of this new phenomenon, Eugene? as Cadras would call Miss Matley."

"I have been puzzling my brain for the last three hours, endeavouring to hit upon some satisfactory conclusion, to account for her presence in Serres."

"Something mysterious no doubt."

"Who knows! But she is charming."

"Are you going to bed?"

"Yes; we go shooting to-morrow."

"Good night, Bernard."

"Good night, Eugene."

I paused at the door, and whispered:

"I say old fellow! how about Margarita's hair now, eh?"

"Go and dream of Paulina's eyes!"

"And Helen Matley?"

"Be satisfied! Margarita Balsotti is matchless. Hence, tempter, get thee to bed!"

He pushed me quietly out, and closed the door.

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CHAPTER III.

"Pray, Miss Balsotti, join in my fruitless persuasions!" I was saying.

"Oblige us, dear Helen?" interceded Margarita.

"You are all against me," said Helen Matley; rising and seating herself at the piano: "I will sing you one of my own composing; a melancholy, bad composition, to vex you!"

In a low, soft, touching, and sweet voice, she sang the following simple stanzas:

S O N G .

I.

Snow flakes, falling slowly,
'Midst the dead leaves on the ground;
Snow flakes, falling slowly,
On the tiny cross top'd mound.

II.

Drop, snow flakes, on the trees,
On the plain, and mountain wild;
Fall snow flakes, o'er the seas,
On the lonely, houseless child.

III.

Snow flakes, falling slowly,
On the young and open grave;
Snow flakes, falling slowly,
On the free-born and the slave.

IV.

Snow flakes, falling ever,
On life's dark, and tearful page;
Snow flakes, falling ever,
On the hopes of youth and age.

"Many thanks, Miss Matley. Now, O'Shaughnessy shall sing to us." He took her place, ran his fingers lightly over the keys, and then, in a good

baritone voice, sang the following lines, composed and set to music by our versatile friend, Carr Cadras :

I.

What are the stars,
Tell me ?
Sparkling afar amidst the blue.
What are the stars,
Tell me ?
Bright glimmering to my view.

II.

What are the stars,
Mother?
Are they planets of the blest ?
What are the stars,
Mother ?
Are they homes where angels rest ?

III.

What are the stars,
Tell me ?
O ! so fair, so bright, within ;
What are the stars,
Tell me ?
Are they worlds for ev'ry sin ?

IV.

What are the stars,
Mother ?
That look so calm o'er the sea.
What are the stars,
Mother ?
For they do not answer me.

Margarita Balsotti, by O'Shaughnessy's request, with a little blush, sat down and sang the following trifle in Romaic :

*Ximeroni, ce hierete O cosmos !
Vrathiasi, ce hierete I yis !
Ego stekume ombrosu ce cleo ;
Sa-na immuna, pleon thistihis !
Thistihis ! epithis, ce fovume—
Mi pos allos se pari thea !
Ena logo zitto aff'ta senna :
Na thimase ce me, mia fora !*

"What an enchanting air!" I said.
 "What a pity," remarked Bernard, "that we do not understand the words."
 "I will endeavour to give you a literal translation.
 Let me see:—

'Dawn is breaking, and the world rejoices;
 Evening cometh, and earth is happy.
 I alone stand weeping, for I am
 Sorrow laden!
 Sorrow'd with bitter fears, lest others should
 Steal my heart's love.
 One wish! One thought!—Remember me!'"

"A thousand thanks!"
 The room I occupied was situated above the living hall. The window on the left, faced a projecting angle of the house. I sat near this window. I noticed a light burning through the half drawn curtains of the opposite room. It was now past midnight.

I sat in my solitude thinking. Thinking of many things: and the face of Helen Matley rose frequently before me in my musings. I had unconsciously fixed my eyes on the opposite window. I saw a form suddenly pass by the light, with bent head and disheveled hair. For an hour it paced regularly up and down. Now it paused, and sank gradually from my view. I stood up. How pale was that upturned face. With uplifted hands in prayer, she kneeled to heaven. It was Helen Matley. O! lone heart! thou grave of all thy passions, speak to me, that I may comfort thee!

CHAPTER IV.

13th May.—I am, thank God, fast recovering from a late and dangerous illness.

18th May.—I am now pronounced convalescent.

O'Shaughnessy came back from Chiezè to-day. He was sitting with me in my room.

"And you tell me, Bernard, that this angel remained with me for two long and dreary nights, and I delirious!"

"Yes, she persisted in it. Madame Balsotti, at length finding her remonstrances in vain, took her away to her room."

"How shall I thank her, Bernard?"

"You are a very lucky fellow."

"Can you account for this sudden interest?"

"Her good heart, Eugene."

"Ah! how kind she is."

"Yes, very kind."

"And—and—"

"You love Helen Matley!—Good bye!"

* * * *

"Good morning, Mr. Murat."

"Good morning to you, Miss Matley. Pray seated."

"How do you find yourself to-day?"

"Thanks to your generous assiduity, I feel myself hourly better."

"Thank rather your strong constitution."

"My dear Miss Matley, how shall I ever repay this kindness?"

"By getting well as soon as possible. Did you get your books?"

"Yes, thank you. Can you remain a few minutes, Miss Matley?"

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"Why?—Oh yes! I may remain."

"Thanks. O'Shaughnessy is going to leave us."

"Indeed."

"He goes back 'to Chiezè to-morrow, for a week. We will miss him."

"Is this all you have to say to me?"

"You divine my very thoughts. No! Miss Matley. I have much to say to you, but—"

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Always kind! I owe my life to you Miss Matley. I am not ungrateful! But why did you endanger your own delicate health for my worthless sake."

"Let me interrupt you—Firstly, thank God for your recovery. For my part, I only did my duty."

"But,—"

"Now do not try to contradict me!"

"You cannot deny me the pleasure of always blessing your memory."

"To be remembered by you, Mr. Murat," she replied, looking down—"remembered when we are parted for ever, will more than repay me."

She looked up, and our eyes met. My heart was mine no longer!

It had flown with its accumulated memories to her!

"Every word you utter, Miss Matley, makes me more and more your debtor!"

"Whatever we do, Mr. Murat, in this world, be it the most trivial and common place action, we should perform our duty well and unselfishly. Whosoever is doomed to hold his hand in the fire of a bitter experience, must bear up under the trial. When it is passed, we look back upon it, not painfully but hopefully."

"And one with such noble feelings suffers."

"My sufferings are but resignation, confidence,

and a just belief in the mercy of our Father in heaven."

"Oh! that I dare speak my feelings!" I exclaimed, carried away by conflicting emotions. "Speak to you as to a sister; as to one I sincerely respect and admire; as one does to his heart's friend. And you not away from your kindred and your country!"

"From my heart I thank you!"

"Only permit me to sympathize with you! Make me the confidant of your sorrows, that I may be with you in your sufferings."

"Mr. Murat, I will be candid with you, as you have been with me. I hate double dealing. I confess, I like you as a friend. Circumstances have thrown us much together. What Mr. Balsotti, and his family, have failed to wring from me by their kindness and sympathy, I will confide to you. When I do this, I cannot say. Perhaps it is the desire of my heart to unburthen itself of its galling load. Perhaps——."

"No! I do not deserve this confidence! Pardon me! I have been too rash, too precipitate."

"It is for the best! If, by telling you this dark history of my sufferings, I should unwillingly offend your friendship, it will grieve me. You will not condemn me for an early fault! You will not give me another pang, by any ungenerous thought of yours. Do not plant another dagger in my already bleeding and lacerated heart!"

"No!—No!—say nothing! I beg——"

"I must speak now! I will speak! My heart is full! Listen! and listening, learn to pity."

I made no reply.

"My father was poor. I am an only child. My mother died a year after my birth. I have no recollection of her."

"When I was eight years of age, my father was

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suddenly abroad, consigning me to the care of a maiden sister of his. She was a harsh, querulous woman. My father never manifested any extraordinary affection for me. I cannot say he was unkind. I thus learned to grow miserable, even in my childhood."

"My father and I corresponded but seldom. My aunt continued to annoy me by her incompassionate conduct. When I reached my eighteenth year, news of my father's death reached me. About this time a lawyer visited at my aunt's house, and was particularly attentive to me. He had proposed to me: I rejected him. My aunt now doubled her importunities. I rebelled; and one night left the house never to return. I went to Ireland, to my cousins. Ten months after, I was married. I loved my husband beyond all things."

"We went to Venice. At this place my husband introduced to me a friend of his. We became very good friends. I liked the man; because my husband esteemed him. We thought him the perfection of human excellence. We traveled through Switzerland and the Tyrol together, and then returned to Paris. Shortly after, a letter called my husband to Nice, where his sister lay dangerously ill."

Judge how my husband confided in his friend, when he confidently left me to his guardianship."

"Ten days passed, and no news of my husband. I was growing irritable. On the eleventh day, I received a letter. Accompanied by his friend, I was to join him at Naples. At Marseilles this man's right awaited us, to bear me back to happiness and life. Oh! with what a light heart I leaped on board!"

"On the seventh day, we were still at sea—though the weather had been magnificent, a horrid suspicion flashed across my mind. Was this man deceiving

me! Heavens! the thought drove me mad. I rushed into his state cabin. The moment the villain saw me, he knew I suspected him. "Take me to my husband, sir!" I cried, in my despair. He smiled; and then—horror!"

"No! I will not dwell upon the scene that followed. I spat loathingly upon the wretch, who at my feet poured forth incoherent torrents of polluting love. Now he revealed to me his monstrous perfidy. I was mad; and would have thrown myself into the sea in my misery, had not one of the crew seized me at the moment I was about to take the desperate leap. A week after, I was landed at Naples."

"Would my husband believe me innocent! I rushed anxiously, tremblingly to the address his last letter bore. My God! he was not there. Back to Paris! Not there! Madly on to London! I reached his house; I timidly knocked. The door opened. I was about to rush in: the servant barred my entry. I tried to resist him. I was thrust out, and the door closed upon me. I stood in the street, a lone, heart-broken woman."

"And this husband's name, Miss Matley?"

"Ask me not, I beg of you. He is dead now. No!—No!—You may know him! Let this only remain a secret."

She continued.

"I wrote to my husband. He was obdurate. My letters were returned to me unopened. He believed me guilty then. I, who was innocent, and had been deceived, was the sufferer."

"One dark night, I returned to my lodgings, from a visit I had paid to a friend of my husband's, hoping thus to move him. I found that my young child was gone. I remembered nothing; for months my reason tottered.—I was mad"

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"When I gradually began to recover, I found myself at Caen, in the south of France. How I came there I know not. My child had been returned to me. But I had no love now. I vowed to prove my innocence. I quitted France, with a firm purpose in my heart—the discovery of the man who had ruined me. I forgot everything for the attainment of this one end. I would wring from his black heart a full confession. I set out."

"For two years I wandered about the world seeking him. I was about to give up all hope. The turning point of existence came at last. I heard of him. He was a convict in the galleys of Constantinople. As the lion rushes on his prey, so rushed I to the hiding place of my bitterest, and only enemy."

"We stood at last, face to face. I found him in chains, pale and downcast. We had an interview. I spoke; and he listened calmly and without a word, to all I urged. I asked him to give me back the name he had robbed me of. He laughed; then turned and spat upon me. 'You!' he exclaimed. 'You! thou moral curse! Leave me, lest I strike you dead at my feet! You have embittered every remaining hour of my life! I loved thee once madly! My love has now turned to hate! Suffer on! as you have made me suffer!'"

"I fell to the ground, overpowered by my sufferings, and heard nothing but the tumultuous beatings of my heart, and the clank of felon chains, as the man went away slowly from me,—Pitiless! I fled, as one flees from a sinful memory, tracking one down to hell! Do you wonder now any longer, why I call myself Helen Matley? and am an outcast from my kindred, and my native land."

I could make no answer. She interrupted my thoughts by saying: "What am I in the eyes of so-

ciety, but a branded, forsaken wife. And I loved this husband, with all my heart, to the end. Open grave and take me to thy rest."

Fast fell the tears. Deep was the sigh of memory, battling with sorrow.

"Poor suffering heart," I uttered, twining my arms round her. "How ill requited has been thy pure devotion. How badly has the cold and selfish world used you."

"My child died, and I was alone."

At length, by a superhuman effort, she dashed away her tears, and holding out her hand to me, said:

"Do not despise me, Mr. Murat! Now that you know all, do not rob me of your friendship. Take this hand, I am innocent! Take it, as you would a pure sister's."

"Yes," I replied, raising her hand to my lips. I held it between my own and continued:

"Miss Matley, yours has been a sad and uncommon fate. Bear up, as you have so far patiently borne. God never forsakes, even the most wretched. Oh! how I feel for you. How I thank you for this great and undeserved confidence. Be my sister always. Let me be your brother, your friend; ever ready to serve you, always to share your sorrows, for from my soul, I believe you innocent."

"God bless you!"

"Are we friends then?"

"For ever!"

"Helen!"

"Eugene!"

Leaning her head upon my shoulders, she there wept the fullness of her heart.

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CHAPTER V.

A month later.

As I look back through the vista of years gone by, and know that but a few steps further will carry me down to my silent home, and lead me, eventually, far into the unknown spirit land of an incomprehensible future. I pause and think.

When you finish these memoirs, will you lay down this book, reader, without a second thought? Will you throw it aside for ever? I know not. It is to be hoped that some blue eyed maiden will sigh, at least, for Helen Matley.

Will the strong man, in his matter of fact self estimation, and proud of his virtue, permit a contemptuous feeling of indifference to master him, and disbelieve that such lives are born, and exist around him, as he sits in his cozy chair, sipping consolation from his own established worth, and reflectingly smoking the pipe of his happiness. As he empties its ashes tenderly, will he deem *all* humanity a cigar? pregnant with flavor while its life lasts, and but ashes, and imperceptible smoke, in the end.

Cæsar, Hannibal, Milton, Plato, Byron, Burke, Pitt, Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, what were they? Instruments in the hands of the Master Mind, working and perfecting a mysterious mechanism, created and matured, countless of ages back, before even one particle of this miserable little planet set out on its revolving journey.

Our very shadow is pregnant with mysterious reasoning. We must all pay the debt of a general redemption. As the ancient Greeks carried to the Temple, each, his contributory egg, wherewith to

strengthen the mortar used in building; so must we carry our trials separately to the throne of mercy as a tribute of acknowledgement and submission until the temple of *our* purpose is complete, and cemented by contritious tears and suffering. And in such a service, did we but view every act minutely; assigning the one and *only* truthful cause for all our acts; carrying our cross, as He bore it for us and working out our future redemption without murmur. Would we then, I ask, in our power, and our knowledge, our wealth, and our selfishness, pity those who suffer; as we have never mercifully suffered. O! world of tinsel and false glitter. O man, why art thou not truthful to thy nature! Remember what ye are. Do not turn with contempt from the man who perforce steals the loaf of bread ye lack not, and yet have the heart to deny him.

* * * *

4th August, 18—. I can hardly believe it. O'Shaughnessy has proposed to Margarita Balsotti. He startled me to-day, by coming precipitately to my room, to tell me of his success. "Do you know the reply she made me, when I told her that I loved her?" he asked me. I pleaded ignorance. She said: "I have loved you from the beginning. Beyond doubt, I will love you to the end; and if its permitted me, even beyond the grave." No wonder then my good friend O'Shaughnessy is all happiness. He has gone to Cavalla.

A strange feeling has taken possession of me. I find myself repeatedly asking: "Is love more powerful than sorrow?"

* * * *

6th August—. How beautiful are the stars! How still the vast and impenetrable expanse above us! How sweet and intoxicating are the perfumes of sleeping nature! Night, in her unconscious

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lding; so must charms, seems blushing magnificent in a naked
throne of mercy originality! At such a time comes a voiceless song
and submission from heaven to our hearts, and lifts us up above all
complete, and earthly dross; and our wishes seem to co-mingle
suffering. And with the balmy air, and float upwards to the Golden
very act minute Gates, where Pity and Hope are sentinels.

ful cause for a We set beneath the orange trees, and listened to
bore it for us the gentle sparkling of the fountain near us.

ption without "Why are you silent, Eugene?"

our power, and "I am thinking of you, Helen!"

r selfishness, ne "And I of you!"

never merciful "Thy sorrow has now become my sorrow. What
false glitter. O change a few weeks has wrought. You do not
thy nature! Re regret what has come to pass?"

n with contempt "Nothing in the present hour, my brother, linked
he loaf of bread with your sympathy, can ever become a regret. It
to deny him. is the future darkness that will change our relative
positions; and the world will part us."

*

rdly believe in "Part!"

argarita Balsot "We shall then be friends in heart and memory
precipitately only!"

"Do you know "Bless you for these kindly thoughts! But why
her that I love should we not ever be friends, sister? Why should
ignorance. Sh not our two hearts beat in unison, and our two
beginning. Be souls twine round each other as *one* soul."

and if its permit "The world calls this language 'love,' Eugene.
No wonder the Alas! I have none to give you."

l happiness. E "No love for me?"

session of me. "Hush!—hush!—Let us hope!"

love more pow "Hope only?"

"Who ever stoops to pluck a withered flower?"

"Many do! Love and pity tend it, and it blooms
again. Is not all life withered, when it is not hap-
py."

al are the stars "Deck the blackened heart with snowy garlands;
le expanse above all up the space above us with one hundred million
are the perfume stars—the dark spot is still there! Though the stars
her unconscio

be double in multitude, some part will still remain undecked by a golden world.

"Let me at least, cast a ray of sunshine over thy sorrow."

"My heart is dead, Eugene! It is but the sepulchre of my past hopes. All its young life is dried up. It is but a living charnel-house. Shun it, Eugene, as you would a leper. As innocence, my brother, tastes for the first time the fruits of crime, and imagination clothes the forbidden act with a delicious sweetness—so have I awakened from the false hopes of the past, to find nothing but gall and bitterness remaining. I trusted, and loved. I was betrayed, condemned, without a hearing. What can be pure, and spotless, after this!"

"Thy worth, thy honor, still live. Your sufferings have exalted you. Bury all you have endured in a new and useful life. Do not blast your still young life; your happiness. I must call this but generous inconsistency."

"Give me your hand, Eugene. Tell me; can you count the feeble pulsations beneath it? Does it not tell you that all is dead there. Nothing but heaven's mercy, and your brotherly esteem, are now left me."

"Change thy hand. There! How eagerly mine beats, Helen. Every throb is full of love for you. Do you doubt me?"

"O! my Eugene, that I could devote the remaining hours left me to your entire happiness. Charging you on to God, hopefully. You see, brother, in this, I am not inconsistent."

"Love me then!"

"I should wrong your generous affection did I say that I loved you."

"Forget the bitterness of the past! Do not make yourself indifferent!"

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"Indifferent! Did you but know what the effort has cost me to choke down the secret impulse of my soul, in justice to you, you would not think, or call me indifferent."

"Be my wife then, Helen! Be thou the mother of all my great love! Share with me all my joys and ills! Oh, do not reject me!"

"I do not reject you, Murat. But I feel that my soul alone can love you."

"O! my Helen!"

"I cannot altogether turn from the man who has so generously offered me his name and his love. I must forget the past. Believe me, Eugene, my soul loves you."

I clasped her to my panting heart, gazing deep into those lustrous eyes, as I read there plainly—
TRUTH!

"*Mets ton cœur sur mon cœur; ta bouche, sur ma bouche!*"

I whispered, throwing back the rich mass of raven, wavy hair from her fair brow, as our lips met in one long communion, and soul told soul—"We love!"

"You have no more sorrow now, Helen; it is mine now."

"Oh! lips that speak such honey."

"And you love me, Helen?"

"As soul loves God."

"Thank Him for this hour, Helen!"

"My first thought is ever of Him, Eugene; my second one has become yours for ever."

"You will be my wife?"

"As he has willed to repay me for all I have endured, I will be thy wife, Eugene."

"Calm as yonder silvery Carason glides through the wild pasture lands; so, I hope, life will glide gently with us."

"You are decking the ruin of the past with evergreens."

"Let them flourish; all else may fade; but my love,—never!"

"Oh! what have I done to deserve all this."

"Your sufferings are repaid. Sum up all that is passed between us, Helen, in these two lines:"

"Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

"Ah! how true!"

"You love me!"

"Eugene!"

"Helen!"

Two sorrowed hearts—two souls as one!

CHAPTER VI.

"But consider that Balsotti gives me ten thousand pounds" urged Bernard; "I will sell off everything, build myself a home, and settle down, the most contented and happy fellow in the world."

"The picture you have drawn, is a pleasing one. But, for my sake, O'Shaughnessy, carry on this business of ours for a year or two longer. I am still poor."

O'Shaughnessy bowed his head in silence.

"Your marriage takes place next month."

"So madame has arranged."

"I and Metafa can do the remainder of this year's work."

"My dear Eugene, I am ready to do anything."

"You are always the same good friend."

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"Nonsense, man! a fellow must naturally lose a little of his own will, when a woman supplants all other ideas."

"Now tell me, as we have agreed to remain here, what shall I do with 'Cardwell?' I do not wish the old house to go to ruin."

"Sell it."

"For shame, Bernard. Have you forgotten already under what circumstances and conditions I became its owner."

"Well lease it then."

"Bravo! now you have hit the mark. Another question: What is to be done with the house in town?"

"Refer to your last letter from Jack L——k, and your question is answered."

"By jove! Yes, L——k shall have the house. Now I am easy."

"Eugene, do you seriously contemplate remaining in Serres all your days?"

"Excepting Helen changes her mind."

"What a change in both *our* lives."

"Petticoats, my dear Eugene; only petticoats,—bless them!"

"You love Margarita, Bernard?"

"With all my heart."

"Well said! You will be happy."

"And you, Eugene?"

"Very happy!"

"Confound it, man, do not beat about the bush. We shall be the four happiest creatures in christendom."

"I know it."

"Have you written to Cadras?"

"Yes."

"And—I wonder how the phenomenon Papèta progresses?"

"In his last letter, she was with the eccentric Duchess of F——."

"After all, he intends to win his wife in the old way."

"Of course! But what a change for this young girl."

"Life is made up by continued changes."

"And we have—my goodness!—I am forgetting Margarita's cotton."

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15th October,——. Amidst the run of business, O'Shaughnessy's marriage took place, with a pomp and extravagance worthy of an eastern nabob. Barrels of old, rich wine poured forth in streams; music filled the air; illuminations and fireworks blazed; singing, dancing, and big guns, mingled in the joyous uproar. Joy reigned supreme; and Serres did honor! Loud huzzas! and amid a shower of bouquets, to the sound of fife, drum, and cymbal, Bernard Willis O'Shaughnessy bore his young and blushing bride from her home."

I stood by Helen's side, waving our adieus. My heart was full, for I loved my friend dearly. God bless them both!

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"Two years, five months, and eight days, since I left England in the "Amy;" and now, I am about to return again to bid her farewell, perhaps for ever."

All is change! Sunshine and flowers; and snow flakes falling o'er them.

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CHAPTER VII.

Helen Matley has become my wife.

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"And you will always think of me, in my absence from you. Always pray for me, Helen."

"Eugene, my last thought at night will be of you. As I kneel down in supplication, I will conjure up thy living image in my heart, and still be with you,—even in my dreams."

"I go forth, my wife, to bid all I have known heretofore, a long farewell. I do so, without a sigh of regret; for, my darling, I shall return to you, to my happiness, peace, and love."

"I am satisfied."

"It was thus we spoke one evening, about six months after our marriage, as we wandered, hand in hand, towards the spot where her child Ida slept. She told me, as we went along, that there only, by her grave, could our future happiness be satisfied.

The sun was sinking slowly behind clouds of gold and purple. The river beneath us murmured on its way, and the now songless birds flitted to their roosts. The hardy peasants, returning with their weary oxen, came slowly up the winding pathway, towards Serres.

The chapel bell, hard by, tolled the summons to even prayer; and high from white, and golden minaret, rang, clear and sharp, the wild words of Mahomet's Koran: calling the faithful to Allah.

Through the long and drooping grass we wound our way. We stood by a simple stone. A mother's love could be easily traced there. It bore, simply,

the name 'Ida,' the date of her birth and death, and these words, from the book of Ecclesiastes :

"That which hath been is now ; and that which is to be hath already been ; and God requireth that which is past."

"Here, Eugene," she said, mournfully ; "let me kneel ! Here, at the grave of 'that which is past' hear me swear, by her grave, that all I have told you is the truth."

"And kneeling by you, Helen,—may heaven witness my vow ! Never ! never ! not even in thought have I allowed one suspicious evil to cloud my love."

"Then one look more ! one last tear !" she wildly said, twining her arms round the marble headstone."

"Let us pray together, Helen."

"I must not touch, or see thee more ! Never touch thy flowers again ! I go to other duties, my dear Ida ; to other hopes ; to a new and better love. I bless thee ! and, as I kiss the earth of thy buried memory, I ask God to forgive those who caused me all my suffering."

* * *

"Remember thy promise, Eugene !"

"And thine, Helen !"

"You will write often ?"

"Daily !"

"I will hasten back."

"I shall be alone."

"And I, my wife ; when shall I look into these eyes again, and kiss these loving lips, as I do now."

"God be with you, Eugene !"

"Farewell !"

"Fare thee well !"

Slowly from the house, I went upon my way.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

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PART THE THIRD.

JOY.

CHAPTER I.

"A thousand welcomes back!" exclaimed Cadras, warmly embracing me. "How well you look!"

"And you, Cadras! ever the same happy fascinating man."

*

"Tut, my dear friend; my glass tells me plainly that I am growing old. See, here are some silver threads. The warning gifts of old father Time. I wish O'Shaughnessy was with us. Do you remember our first and happy meeting, Murat?"

"I have ever treasured it in my memory. And how is Louis Vand, Cadras?"

"As strong and hearty as ever. He is always the same honest and faithful fellow."

"And Bacca, your cook?"

"Still flourishing. I bid him excel himself to-night, in honor of your return."

Vand now appeared, summoned by the magic of his master's bell. He welcomed me warmly, and respectfully, as I shook the old man's hand.



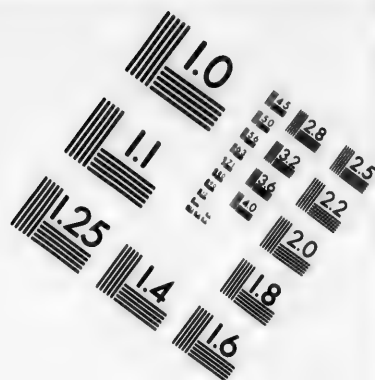
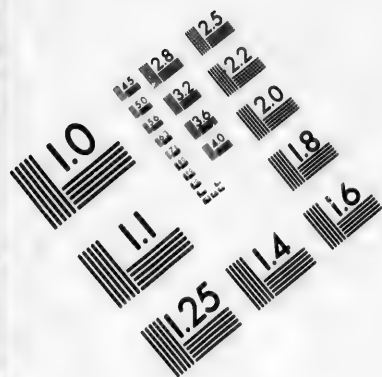
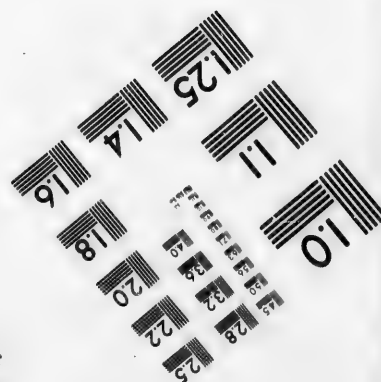
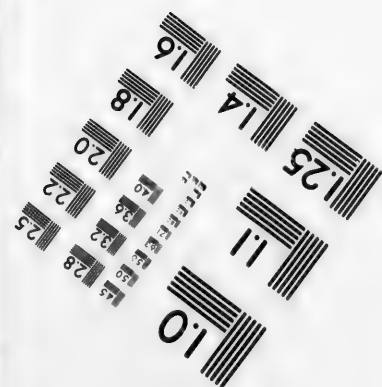
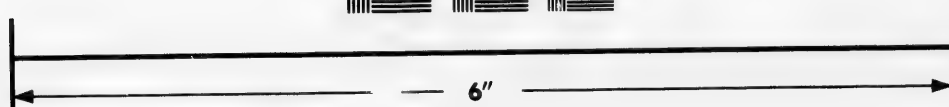
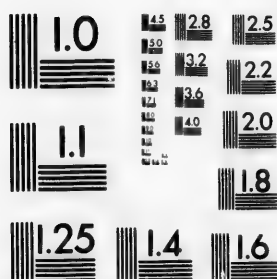


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"O'Shaughnessy, settled down as a staid family man at Serres, surpasses all my comprehension."

"He is not unhappy notwithstanding."

"I do not doubt it in the least."

"You should have been present at his marriage. Such a joyous uproar I never witnessed. They carried Bernard on their shoulders, and scattered flowers before the bride."

"And Madame O'Shaughnessy?"

"She is perfect."

"How I envy him. What a bitter lot mine has been, in comparison. And dolts, calling themselves philosophers, tell us that WEALTH is power. Bah!"

"Bernard's wife loves her husband."

"Who could help loving him. And you too, Eugene, are married, and are about to desert us."

"For shame! I am at your dinner table."

"Forgive me; I am an egotist. But tell me; how did you get on out there in Turkey?"

"We have cleared thirty thousand pounds each!"

"*Cospeto!* Why Turkey must be a very mine of Plutus!"

"You should see O'Shaughnessy at work, to understand him!"

"I can fancy him amidst the clank of machinery, bawling, directing, working, among the Turks and *Rayahs*."

"In about eighteen months more, we shall retire and turn, probably, cotton growers for a change."

"Serres must be a confounded hole!"

"No; I find it very comfortable."

"And do you intend to live there always?"

"Certainly!"

"Why you will die of *ennui*!"

"O'Shaughnessy intends to become a Pacha, and I a Bey. Despotie, in our little sovereignty, in love and happiness, what more can we desire."

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"But surely Mrs. Murat, who is an Englishwoman, will never permit you to carry out this horrid idea of exiling yourself from society!"

"On the contrary, my wife wishes me to remain."

"And you really mean it?"

"I have been nearly three years in Turkey. I have built myself a home, drawn round me new friends, and found a wife. My business prospers, and enriches me. Why should I permit trifles to mar my contentment and happiness. Why quit a place where Providence has kindly dealt by me?"

"And you are happy, Murat?"

"*Ma foi!* Never happier."

"Have you never heard of Mrs. Moffitt?"

"Never."

"Strange! She must be dead."

"I have no doubt of it now."

"Yes! Ida Vernon being dead, Sir Charles' wife dead, and Mrs. Moffitt lost, I cannot see your hopes of clearing up this mystery."

"I have given up all hope, Count. Now tell me of yourself?"

"I have been living incognito, ever since you left me. I have had nothing but my periodical visits to Papéta, my box at the opera, and other trifles, to divert me. My young protegee has made wonderful progress since her return from Paris. She is quite a different creature. I have learned to esteem her. Her beauty, her goodness, her gratitude, have won upon my heart. I have been chasing shadows all my life. I will do so no longer. The purpose of my later years is *now* complete. If I cannot change nature, I may draw models from her perfections. If I strip my moral pagoda of its gold, I am but Carrer Cadras still. I will do my duty to Papéta."

"You will be happy, Count, I feel confident."

"She will be my wife two years from this."

"You told me in your last letter, that the Duchess of F—— has charge of her."

"Yes, they are in Scotland together. I am sorry for it, or you should see her before you go."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"We intend travelling soon. Who knows! We may come and surprise you at Serres."

"We will be delighted!"

"Now let us go up stairs, till dinner is ready."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Francis, my solicitor, was a good man in business. "Cardwell" was soon advantageously leased. A certain Sir John L'Estrange was the applicant.

My house, in Berkley Square, John L——k, Esq. took off my hands. As he affixed his signature to the contract, he said: "My dear fellow, rest assured I will not displace a nail. If I make any necessary alterations, I will go by the original plans; so that if you ever return to live here again, you will find the house in detail, exactly as you left it." I thanked him sincerely. With a heavy heart, I quit the old familiar house.

I intended to leave England early next morning. I therefore sat down to acquaint Helen of my speedy return. My heart longed to be back to her.

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When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul——."

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I had just sealed my letter, when a waiter of the hotel entered, and handed me a note. I broke the seal. I felt myself grow cold, and my head swim, as I read the following words:

Mrs. Moffitt presents her compliments to Mr. Eugene Murat, and solicits the honor of a few moments private conversation.

"Shew the person who brought this note into the next room."

What new mystery is this? Years gone by, and now when I have abandoned all hope, this woman crosses my path at the eleventh hour.

I passed into my sitting room. Mrs. Jane Moffitt and Eugene Murat were together at last.

She was the first to break the ominous silence.

"I thought, sir, you would be gone, and—" she commenced in a trembling tone.

"Pray be seated, we have much to say to each other."

She sat down. I closed the door, and stood confronting her.

"For more than two years, Mrs. Moffitt, I used every endeavor to find you. In five hundred newspapers, I advertised for you, and all without success; and now, a few hours before my quitting this country, for ever, you come to me. Answer me, Mrs. Moffitt! Where is Ida Vernon?"

She moved her hands nervously as they lay in her lap, and stared stupidly at me. I narrowly scrutinized her. She had been a fine woman, but now was wholly changed. Her grey hair, straggled about her forehead, and her total appearance, told me plainly, that Jane Moffitt had fallen considerably in the social scale.

"I ask you, where is Ida Vernon?"

"As God is to judge me, Mr. Murat, I know not!"

"Listen to me attentively, and pray answer me explicitly, every question I ask you."

"Yes sir."

"You knew the late Sir Charles Darley?"

"Yes."

"He placed a child in your keeping about sixteen years ago."

"Sir Charles Darley brought me an infant girl to take charge of."

"He desired that this child be known as Ida Vernon, did he not?"

"You are correct sir."

"He gave you five hundred pounds?"

"Yes."

"You were to adopt and educate Ida Vernon, this consideration?"

"I did my best for her, sir!"

"Eleven years ago, you left J—— Street?"

"It is twelve years ago next month, Mr. Moffitt, since I left No.—, J—— Street, Limehouse."

"You see I am tolerably well informed, Mr. Moffitt."

"So it seems, sir."

"Now tell me, where is Ida Vernon?"

"Listen, sir, and I will tell you all."

"Do so."

"We went to Dublin from J—— Street, as my husband had hopes of a better situation there."

"Is your husband dead?"

"Yes Sir, he is dead."

I thought of that poor woman who had spoken of O'Shaughnessy of this man's death as a certain long years back, but I said nothing. She continued

"Ida was nearly three years old. My little Agnes was then of the same age, and resembled Ida very much. My husband obtained his situation, and we were all very happy. I loved little Ida very much."

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she was so good and beautiful. I never saw Sir Charles Darley again. I fell ill shortly after. During my husband's absence in Belfast, on business, one afternoon a man called and asked to see me. I was then confined to my bed. He sent me up word that he came on important business from Sir Charles Darley, and was the bearer of a letter from him to me. I admitted him. He introduced himself as Sir Charles' valet. He was a tall, elderly man. He handed me a letter: I read it. I have that letter by me now. Here it is, pray read it yourself, she ? ”

took it.

BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON,
18th June, 18—.

Mrs. Moffitt,—

The bearer of this is my valet. He will pay you the sum of three hundred pounds, as a recompense, for your kind treatment and attention to my wishes, regarding the child Ida Vernon.

You will place Ida in the hands of this person, who has my instructions to bring her to London. She must come by the next steamer.

I will now take charge of her myself, as I have changed my plans regarding her.

Thank you for all you have done for me. If I can be of any future service to Mr. Moffitt, or yourself, pray communicate with me.

Yours, &c., &c.,

CHARLES DARLEY.

handed her back the letter.

That is not the late baronet's hand writing, Mrs. Moffitt.”

I know it now, sir, but then I did not. I was at a loss what to do. What could I do but obey! I started with Ida Vernon, in bitterness and tears.”

About eight months after, I awoke one morning, and that my little Agnes had been stolen from me.

A strange suspicion now took possession of me. Had I been deceived? I slowly, and with great caution, communicated my suspicions to my husband. By my desire he obtained leave, and went

to London. By cautious inquiries he ascertained that Ida Vernon had *never been brought back to Sir Charles Darley!* This letter was a forgery!"

"Terror and remorse followed. I was in despair. Shortly after these events, we went to Scotland. I was fearful of any discovery. Two years after, I read of Sir Charles Darley's death, and simultaneous with it, appeared your notices in the newspaper. My first impulse was to come to you and explain all! My husband overruled me! We fled to America!"

"Things went badly with us there. It seemed to me as if heaven was punishing me for my breach of faith. My husband sickened and died. I was left alone, a homeless outcast! I read your advertisements in the New York papers. I sat down a dozen times to write to you, but my heart failed me. A month ago I returned to England, with the determination of seeing you, and confessing all."

"Day after day I wandered to Berkeley Square and as often turned away. Last night I knocked. You were gone. I nearly fainted at the door. The servant seeing my distress, kindly told me your address, and added, that you were on the point of quitting England. I found you. And now, Mr. Munroe, I swear to you, by all I hold sacred, I have told you the truth!"

I drew in a long breath of relief.

"And you have never heard of Ida Vernon?" I said.

"No sir."

"Or of your child Agnes?"

"Alas! sir, I have never seen or heard of her since!"

"And you still believe that Ida Vernon was fraudulently taken from your charge?"

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"I am confident of it, Mr. Murat. My husband's
after inquiries prove this beyond a doubt."

"And this is all you have to tell me?"

"I have told you all, sir!"

I looked fixedly at the woman before me; and
then said, solemnly: "May God pardon you, if you
have not, Mrs. Moffitt.—Ida Vernon is dead!"

"Dead!" she uttered, rising to her feet.

"Yes, Jane Moffitt, Ida Vernon is dead! I stood
by her grave three years ago, at Marseilles, in France.
She was buried by strangers; most probably by the
hands of those who stole her from you. This fact
was made known to me by an advertisement in the
Moniteur."

"My poor child! my poor child!" she sobbed
forth, covering her face with her hands.

This grief touched me.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Moffitt, and listen to me."

She looked up.

"Sir Charles Darley, on the night of his death,
confided Ida Vernon to my care. I went to J——
street; you were gone! I did my best to find you.
When I learned of Ida Vernon's mysterious death,
you have filled up some of the blank history. Can
you give me any reason why my late friend placed
his child in your hands?"

"No sir, I cannot!"

"Can you account for the loss of your own
child?"

"No sir! But, when I discovered that Ida Ver-
non was stolen from me, and then the loss of my
own child happening shortly after, I naturally
thought that some dark mystery was going on."

"You thought rightly."

"If I have done wrong, pray pardon me, Mr.
Murat!"

"Mrs. Moffitt, I believe you!"

"Thank you sir! I feel happy now!"

"God's will be done! It seems this mystery is never to be unravelled. Now, Mrs. Moffitt, what can I do for you?"

No answer.

"Come! no false delicacy! I quit England to-morrow. I should not go away comfortably, except I know that you are provided for. You see I forgive and believe."

"I do not deserve this kindness, sir!"

"Stay, I will give you a letter. You will take it to its address to-morrow. You will be provided for. I will leave you my address also, in Turkey; you may write to me. If you should ever wish to come out there, I will give you a home."

"I have no ties to bind me to England, Mr. Murat."

I wrote a letter to Mr. Francis, and gave it to her open. She read it, took my hand, kissed it, and burst out crying.

"Is there anything else you wish to say to me?"

She looked up in my face, but her tears choked her utterance. There was a pause.

"God bless you, Mr. Murat!"

"Good bye, Mrs. Moffitt, and do not forget to write."

She went slowly out.

Poor dead Ida! It was thus your second mother parted from Eugene Murat.

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Two days after, I was standing by number 15180 grave.

"Monsieur Murat!" exclaimed a voice near me. I turned round. It was Dupuis.

"Ah! is that you!" I said, holding out my hand to him. "You have taken great care of this spot. M. Dupuis!" I said, pointing to Ida's grave.

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"Some'ow, sir, I love the flowers, and have
grown attached to number 151809!"

"I am grateful!"

"You have been generous, Monsieur!"

"Let us go towards the lodge. I have looked my
last on number 151809, Dupuis. To-night, I quit
France for ever!"

"I am sorry to hear it!"

"Continue, my good Dupuis, to tend her grave.
If you should quit your office, pray appoint a suit-
able successor. I will pay him."

"I will never forsake that grave! When I am
very old, I will come to it!"

"I thank you, from my heart, I thank you!"

Strange workings of a human heart. This man
loved Ida's grave.

"Pardon me, but you seem, M. Murat, to be
deeply interested in number 151809!"

"If you but knew what mystery surrounds that
poor dead child's former life, you would not won-
der at my interest in her."

"Life has many sorrows, Monsieur!"

"True!"

"I may write to you?"

"Yes, often, if you please. I shall be glad to
hear from you."

"Adieu!"

"God go with you, M. Murat!"

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How light my heart feels! A few days more,
and I shall be in the midst of those my heart loves.
I reached Salonica. From Chiezè I went on to
Berres. It was five months ago since, with a heavy
heart, I traveled the same road. I now dashed
eagerly forward to my happiness. I stood outside
"Casa Balsotti." I listened. It was night. Her

voice! Yes! and singing the refrain of an old and familiar melody.

"Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer's wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echo'd to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
To such benign, blessed sounds again."

With a bound, I was in the room!
I draw a veil over the joy of our meeting, for
I cannot write it.

CHAPTER III.

Two children have been born to me.

O'Shaughnessy talks politics, and is growing fat. We have retired from business. Helena is married and living at Constantinople. There are more cotton speculators now in Turkey than is absolutely necessary.

The summer is beautiful! We are spending the day with Bernard's family. I am reading the "Times." O'Shaughnessy is rolling on the grass playing with our children. Helen and Margaret are working in the garden near us.

"Hallo! What is this!" I exclaimed. "Bernard leave off your kicking your heels, and listen to this!"

He came over to me, and I read aloud:

"The Duke and Duchess of F——, the ladies M——, and a select party of friends, in Count Carrer Cadras' yacht, reached Cyprus on the 28th instant."

"By jove! he will be here before we know what we are about!"

"This is the "Times" of the seventh."

"Margarita, come here!"

"Helen love!"

"Is the drawing room in order, Margarita?"

"*Oui!*"

"Can we get four bed rooms ready by to-morrow, Helen?"

"Yes!"

"Then be off both of you!" said O'Shaughnessy; "For we shall have half a dozen friends here at any hour!"

"What shall we do first, Bernard?"

"May I be hanged if I know!"

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" shouted the well known voice of Metafá.

I turned round.

"A letter post haste from Salonica *effendi!*" he cried.

I took it. It was from Cadras!

"I told you Bernard! They are upon us!"

"Read man!"

My Dear Murat,—

I have hurt my hand, and cannot write. Papèta does this duty for me.

Forgive this surprise. I will be with you, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess, Papèta and six other friends, by the day after to-morrow. We intend to remain a week in your Arcadia. Answer me—shall we come?

Yours ever,

CARRER CADRAS.

"We must answer this, Eugene!"

"Certainly!"

"Come along then! Metafá, go home, saddle your best horse, and come to the Café in half an hour: you are for Salonica!"

He ran off.

"Can we stand a week's seige, Bernard?" I asked as we went along.

"I think so!"

"Metafá must order some delicacies at Salonica."

"Eugene, shall we give them a surprise?"

"In what way, Bernard?"

"Illuminate the gardens at Balsotti House!"

"Bravo!"

"Here is the Café. Let us answer the letter."

"Sit down, Eugene, and write; I will dictate to you."

I obeyed.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Write then: My dear Cadras,—Welcome to Arcadia! Is that down?"

"Yes."

"Contrive to reach this by five o'clock on Friday afternoon. You can understand why I defer our meeting."

"What else?"

"Nothing! Sign your name."

I did so.

"Now make out a list of what we require most. See Metafá, tell him to go to Cadras, and to order and see forwarded at once, whatever you send for. Wait here till I return. I have an idea."

By Friday at noon we were ready.

Two thousand lamps are ready to be lit in the Balsotti gardens!

A little after three, dressed in full Albanian costume, and followed by Metafá, and six choice carriers, with reversed arms, and holding gay

o home, saddled and mounted on our cap-
 Café in half an hour. With our cap-
 pured flags, we sallied forth to meet our expected
 friends.

We halted a little beyond the old bridge, spanning
 the Carason, and sent out Metafá, as a vidette, on
 the main road, to our left. We waited anxiously
 for some moments.

"Hallo! here comes Metafá at a gallop!"

"*Ombros Pethia!*—Forward lads! and setting spur
 we dashed gayly forward. Before our vidette could
 rein up we passed him, and saw a party of horsemen,
 about a quarter of a mile on the road before us.

We were shaking hands.

"How kind of you both!" said Cadras.

"Ah! O'Shaughnessy! is that you?" exclaimed
 the Duke of F——

"Eugene, this is Miss Carrer!"

I started! How beautiful!

"Lord Dell is longing to shake hands with you,
 Eugene!" cried out O'Shaughnessy.

"Lady Dell!"—Delighted, I am sure!"

And so, amidst warm greetings, we met.

"Mount, Gentlemen!" said Cadras.

We jumped into our saddles and rode back to
 Berres.

Our body guard, bringing up the rear; and Metafá,
 in his superb *kavass* costume, ostentatiously leading
 the way.

Many a dark eye peeped curiously from its lattice.
 Many a sage Turk paused on his way, stroked his
 beard, and staring, praised Allah, that *he* had not
 degenerated.

Through the narrow streets up to O'Shaughnessy's
 house.

"We cannot accommodate you all at one place,
 Count, I am sorry to say."

"As you please."

"Our largest house is undergoing repairs; you
 will have to separate!"

"Agreed!"

"Yourself, Papèta, and three others, go to O'Shaughnessy's; Lord and Lady Dell, and the rest to my house. We had better tell them."

"As you wish."

"Remember, we all meet at nine o'clock, at 'Cas Balsotti!'" shouted O'Shaughnessy after us, as we went away leading my friends to my house.

"All right!"

* * * *

Soft music fills the air. A blaze of light illumines the scene. The moon is up, and the stars are bright around her. Flowers smell their sweetest. Eyes look their brightest; and lips are all smiles and laughter. Ravishing toilets and beauty adds to the scene. Silks rustle, and brilliants flash. Two hundred people mingle in a fairy like confusion. Young and age are happy!

A rocket hisses through the air!

A moment after, a hundred others follow in rapid succession, and eager faces look upwards.

A party arrive at the gates.

A rainbow of yellow, red, purple and blue fire runs across the lawn, facing the entrance, and the word "welcome!" in as many different colours dazzles the sight. Loud clapping of hands is heard. Before the guests can recover from their delight fifty young and beautiful girls, dressed in snowy white tunics, and wearing wreaths, come out among the guests, and from their baskets distribute flowers and bon-bons to them.

I was making my way to Cadras. I found him talking to O'Shaughnessy and Margarita.

"I have found you at last! Pray come this way."

"A thousand pardons, Murat!"

I was moving off with the Count leaning on my arm.

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"Eugene!" whispered Bernard, Margarita has
something to say to you."

"What is the matter?"

"Go——"

"One moment, Count!"

"Eugene, the salad has not come. What shall
we do?"

"Confound!—O'Shaughnessy, take Cadras to
Helen and introduce him. I shall not be a moment.

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"CARLO BARTELLI!"

"HELEN DARLEY!"

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"Where is Helen?" I asked, coming up to
O'Shaughnessy.

"She has gone home," he answered.

"What is the matter?"

"She was taken suddenly ill."

"Good heavens!"

Metafa came up at this moment.

"Monsieur! Madam's compliments, and she re-
quests you will remain. She told me to add that
is better now."

"Where is Cadras, Bernard?"

"He also is gone off."

"I don't know what to make of this!"

Day dawned ere the last guest quitted Balsotti
house.

CHAPTER IV.

"Eugene, there is some mystery in this!"

"What extraordinary conduct on his part!"

"I went to his room just now. I found this letter and packet on the dressing table. They are addressed to you."

I broke the seal hurriedly and read:

"Circumstances, Mr. Murat, compel me to quit Serres immediately. Make my apologies. I will leave Salonica in my yacht. I am gone into oblivion! Anywhere! out of this world!"

"This is complete madness!"

"What can have happened?"

"And this packet!"

"To E. Murat, Esquire,—Read this privately: I will explain all."

"Go then, in heaven's name, and let us know his motives for this strange behaviour. I will acquaint his friends. How is Helen?"

"She is sleeping."

I locked myself in my room, and sat down to read. I opened the packet.

Firstly, I drew out a check on Messieurs V—— the bankers at Vienna, for the sum of fifty thousand pounds, made payable to Miss Papèta Carrer.

I read.

I give you, reader, an exact copy of the paper still in my possession.

How strange are thy ways! how wonderful are thy good are thy mercies, O, Providence!

CARLO BARTELLI TO EUGENE MURAT.

Serres, Midnight.

And has it come to this!

Am I after all to find myself hurled upon the rocks of my own perfidy! Is this the end of a life's

venge? Ah! poor fool that I was! Where the fabric I have toiled to build up and lied for? Where the revenge I have nursed so long and so bitterly? I go forth to hide my face! The face I can never show the world again, unblushingly!

I was all indifference. I played the hypocrite for an end. I throw off the mask now. Read me, Murat, as I am, and curse me, for my inhuman cowardice and baseness!

You, who thought me good and kind! How little you know the demon! I have no time to say much. I must fly. Listen to the history of my life.

From my boyhood, I have known but one selfish wish. To know myself superior to all things, and all men. The creature who beat me at school, in mathematics, was the first thing I learned to hate. He resolved his ruin. I did ruin him! He fell from the pinnacle of his fame and ambition, a worthless beggar! and I laughed! Judge by this what I am. I have always been a despicable, moral coward! I am the grandson of a gardener! Who has rivaled me on any one point, but has not suffered the penalty of my hate! Can you understand a man void of truth? Can you respect a man, hating all things in the self? An egotist! A heartless, irreligious offender! I am all this, and more!

O'Shaughnessy is the only man I ever respected. You! I hated! You have been an obstacle to me. I used you but for a purpose. I blinded you. And

—
I loved once, and once only. All else, before and after, has been but a dark dream. Oh! I feel the agony rising at my throat; and I feel as if I could smother it from very passion, and strangle out the remnants of this accursed existence!

Turn from my memory and curse me!

in this!"

on his part!"

I found this letter on the table. They are

read:

quit Serres immediately on my yacht. I am gone!"

and this privately:

and let us know his name. I will acquaint

and sat down to read

Messieurs V——
sum of fifty thousand francs.
apèta Carrer.

copy of the paper

how wonderful a
ence!

ENE MURAT.

Serres, Midnight

whirled upon the roof
the end of a life's

Publish these confessions! Let the world blush with these words! For I have been your secret and bitterest enemy!

I am about to repair in some way the wrong I have done you.

All I have plotted for is at an end. It costs me much to give the lie to my entire life; but for your sake I will do it.

Listen then! As thy heart grows cold with disgust, and your blood curdles in your veins, lead me to what evil a human heart can stoop.

I.—It is more than twenty years since I first met Sir Charles Darley.

Vain fool! I thought myself, then, the most handsome man in Europe. I met him in Paris. I was introduced to him. With the first look I learned to hate him. He was the handsomest man of the two. I vowed his ruin. We parted. We were friends. Friends! I went to England shortly after he was married.

I saw Helen Darley.

Accursed be that hour! It is now that I feel my humiliation. From the hour I first looked on Darley's wife, I was a changed man.

I loved my friend's wife!

Imagine to yourself how a man like Carlo Biondelli can love. She became a passion, an idol. I would crush all things beneath my heel, descend to any level, to conquer. And now, to split upon the rock of my own perfidy; dragged, as it were, to the surface, from unfathomable depths of shame and baseness, a beaten, disgraced man!

We went abroad together.

How well I played the hypocrite you shall see.

Ah! how often have I looked back to those days when I loved. What happy days were those to me in Switzerland and the Tyrol.

We reached Paris.

How good and kind Helen Darley thought me. How confident was Charles Darley.

My hour came. Darley was suddenly called away to Nice, to his only sister's death bed.

They parted; and I vowed they should never meet again.

I have kept that vow !

It took me ten days to mature my hellish scheme.

On the eleventh day a *forged* letter, purporting to come from Helen's husband, reached her hands.

She was to join him at Naples, and I her escort.

It was then I understood how much Helen Darley loved her husband, and how much cause I had to hate him.

We reached Marseilles.

We embarked on board my yacht, and I steered for the Island of Maderia. My plan was this :

Once upon the wild waste of waters, she was in my power. My men were devoted to me. I would tell her of my great love. I never thought of failure. I thought Helen Darley loved me. How little I understood her. If I failed, Helen was lost. My revenge thus would be worked out on her and her husband.

On the seventh day we were still at sea.

Helen Darley rushed into my cabin.

I started to my feet. The suspicion flashed upon me that I had been betrayed.

The moment for action had arrived. I told her

She turned upon me like a fiend, and spat upon me. She cursed me in her wild despair. She would have thrown herself overboard had not one of my men caught her in his arms at the moment.

I had lost my love.

I had broken two hearts instead, and was satisfied.

What next? I changed the vessel's course, landed Helen Darley at Naples, and went on to Algiers. I traveled in India.

I could not rest. I must essay another trial. I was not satisfied. I changed my name.

I was no more Carlo Bartelli. I became Carré Cadras.

False in name and honor, I reached London. Disguised I went on my search.

Are fifty millions of francs anything? All this and more, I would throw away, to satisfy my passions.

I was right then. Charles Darley had discarded his wife! Her child had been taken from her.

Helen Darley was a maniac in Caen!

II.—Why waste in useless words my precious hours!

My first plan was to get possession of Sir Charles Darley's child. It cost me much to accomplish this. At length, after many months search, I was successful.

I intended to take this child back to its mother. I knew she hated me. Curses! I would be revenged!

Mrs. Jane Moffitt was then in Dublin. I went there.

I represented myself to her as Sir Charles' valet and gave her a *forged* letter containing instructions to place the child Ida in my hands. Mrs. Moffitt obeyed, and the girl was in my power!

I took her to a low woman in London. I gave Sir Charles Darley's child to her. I bid her sink it in oblivion. Not one of his race must remain. I then went to Paris.

Seven months after, Martha Smith wrote to me to tell me that Ida Darley was dead. I did not believe her. Mrs. Smith sold this child to another

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woman for a bottle of gin, while in a drunken fit.

I had one more purpose to make. It was this :

Jane Moffitt had a child. She was of the same
age as Ida. I stole this little girl from her mother
and fled to Caen.

I found Helen Darley. She had recovered her
senses, but was still kept a close prisoner.

I left the child. Mrs. Moffitt's child took the
place of Ida Darley. They resembled each other.

Agnes Moffitt completed my revenge.

I went to Constantinople.

Fury! Helen Darley was hunting me down! She
came suddenly to Constantinople. I resolved to
hurl her for ever.

I became a convict for a day.

Chained, and branded as felon, I awaited her
coming.

I made my hiding place known to her by an
agent in my employ. She came to my cell. Pale,
wreck of her former self, she stood before me.

Does she curse me now? as I curse myself!

I believe she would have torn me to pieces! She

fell upon her knees before me, and asked me to

repair the wrong I had done her. For her child's

sake, to restore to her, her name and honor! The

world still believed her guilty! She clasped my

arms in her agony, and wept tears of misery.

I was stone!

Here is the answer I made her :

You! Thou moral curse! Leave me! lest I

make you dead at my feet! You have embittered

every hour of my life! I loved thee once madly!

My love has now turned to hate! Suffer on! as

thou have made me suffer!"

She turned and spat upon her, as she did on me,

when I told her I loved her!

She fell prostrate to the ground; and I fled, with

my false felon chains about me, and demons in my heart!

I went to America.

I heard of Charles Darley's death. I laughed the laugh of a victorious revenge, and was glad!

I returned to England, from Italy.

You now came upon the scene.

My deceit and perfidy was not yet ended.

III.—I heard a rumour of Helen Darley's death. Another victim gone!

I read, for the first time, your notice in the "Times."

I felt confident Jane Moffitt would not reveal the secret. She had discovered the trick played upon her, and she would be silent. I then only knew the secret of Ida Vernon's disappearance. I determined to make your acquaintance, find out all you wanted to learn, and act accordingly.

Fortune favored me. I met O'Shaughnessy. You were friends, and we met.

I found Papèta. Shall I tell you why I took a fancy to her? Look at her closely! Look at your wife, and then judge me!

You were determined to find Ida.

You remember my going to Paris? I did not go there, but to Marseilles.

A poor man's child died that day.

I buried her in the cemetery of St.——. Her name was Marie Duplex!

SHE IT WAS THAT I BURIED AS IDA VERNON!!!

The grave at Marseilles is a lie!

Ida Darley, if dead, is buried elsewhere.

You returned to England from Serres. I was thoroughly satisfied that you were deceived. My revenge was completed!

I came to Serres.

O'Shaughnessy introduced me to your wife.

My God!

HELEN DARLEY and CARLO BARTELLI stood face to face!

I fled on the first opportunity.

Your wife, Eugene Murat, was the wife of your dead friend, Sir Charles Darley!

I go to my hiding place! I go to forgetfulness! To the grave of my evil passions! To my repentance!

Helen Darley is as pure as the angels in heaven!

Turn your face westwards; for I go with the sinking sun, to oblivion!

Curse me! For I deserve it!

The spirits of those I have wronged during my wretched life, rise in their spectral shadows before me, and beckon me on to my doom!

Blood is on my head! Curses are ringing in my ears! and hell is in my heart!

CARLO BARTELLI.

I wiped the cold perspiration from my brow, and all upon my knees and wept.

Kind, merciful God!

CHAPTER V.

"Eugene! Eugene!" cried Margarita, outside my door, "Mrs. Moffitt has just arrived!"

With a bound I was at the door, rushing madly past Margarita.

What sudden thought had taken possession of my entire faculties?

Papèta Carrer was taken ill on learning of Cadra's flight. She is to join her friends at Constantinople. I have said nothing to my wife of Carlo Bartelli though I have no doubt she suspects I know all.

I was closeted for an hour with Jane Moffitt. God had sent her to me!

* * * *

"Have you read all, Helen?"

"All, my husband!"

"Are you calm now, my wife?"

"Yes, my Eugene! calm and grateful. I am even happier!"

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"Can you bear sudden joy, Helen?"

"Joy? Eugene!"

"Yes, my Helen!"

I clasped my hands three times.

Papèta Carrer, leaning on the arm of Jane Moffitt, entered the room.

"Helen! My wife! behold the real Ida! Behold your long lost child!"

A cry of joy; and Papèta was clasped in her mother's arms. Jane Moffitt had recognised her!

Papèta was the long lost IDA VERNON.

Where thy revenge now? O! Carlo Bartelli!

* * * *

We return to England.

The sun is sinking, as I stand in my stirrups, and gaze my last on the old familiar city.

Hearts long estranged, are now united. Smile at thy home, O! spirit of Charles Darley!

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CHAPTER VI.

We are living at "Cardwell."

About a mile from the estate stands the village churchyard. My wife, Ida Darley, and I, are going there.

We stood by the unpretending gate.

"Ida dear, you and your mother have a duty to perform. Enter; and as you kneel at your father's grave, remember the proverb which says: 'before honor is humility, Helen!' 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Go! I will wait for you.

I sat down and wrote absently on the white sand at my feet.

"No! I will not be a witness of her grief! She is my wife now! He that is dead, wronged her! I forgive him! Let her do so, from her heart!"

* * * *

How vain for us to fashion, or to hope! All is with God! All is ever for the best!

When sorrow bows you down, reader, lift your eyes submissively to heaven; for it is He who thus wisely chastens thee. When evil thoughts come to you, crush them down with all your force. If you lack an earthly friend, turn to your God in heaven; He is your *best* and *only* friend! Cry out with Luther in all things:

*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott! **

* Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

THE EPILOGUE.

Marie Duplex, the instrument of Carlo Bartelli's hate, sleeps now with her own name above earth.

Dupuis still places flowers round number 151809.

Metafá has followed me to England.

O'Shaughnessy lives in Curzon Street, and gives fashionable dinners.

My wife moves again in society.

And Carlo Bartelli!

The fifty thousand pounds he left with me were returned to the bankers at Vienna.

Let us hope that his bad heart has been taught a severe lesson. Let us further trust, that in his exile he learned to shudder, and repent him of the past. I hope He will forgive him, as you and I, reader, are bound to forgive him.

I am very happy now.

Farewell!

Remember, that evil is not *always* mortification! All that moves and lives, all that we do and think of, is for a purpose! Life, in all its actions, hath a good motive!

Hear what the immortal Shakspeare tells us :

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad ugly and venomous,
Wears yet, a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Adieu!

THE END.